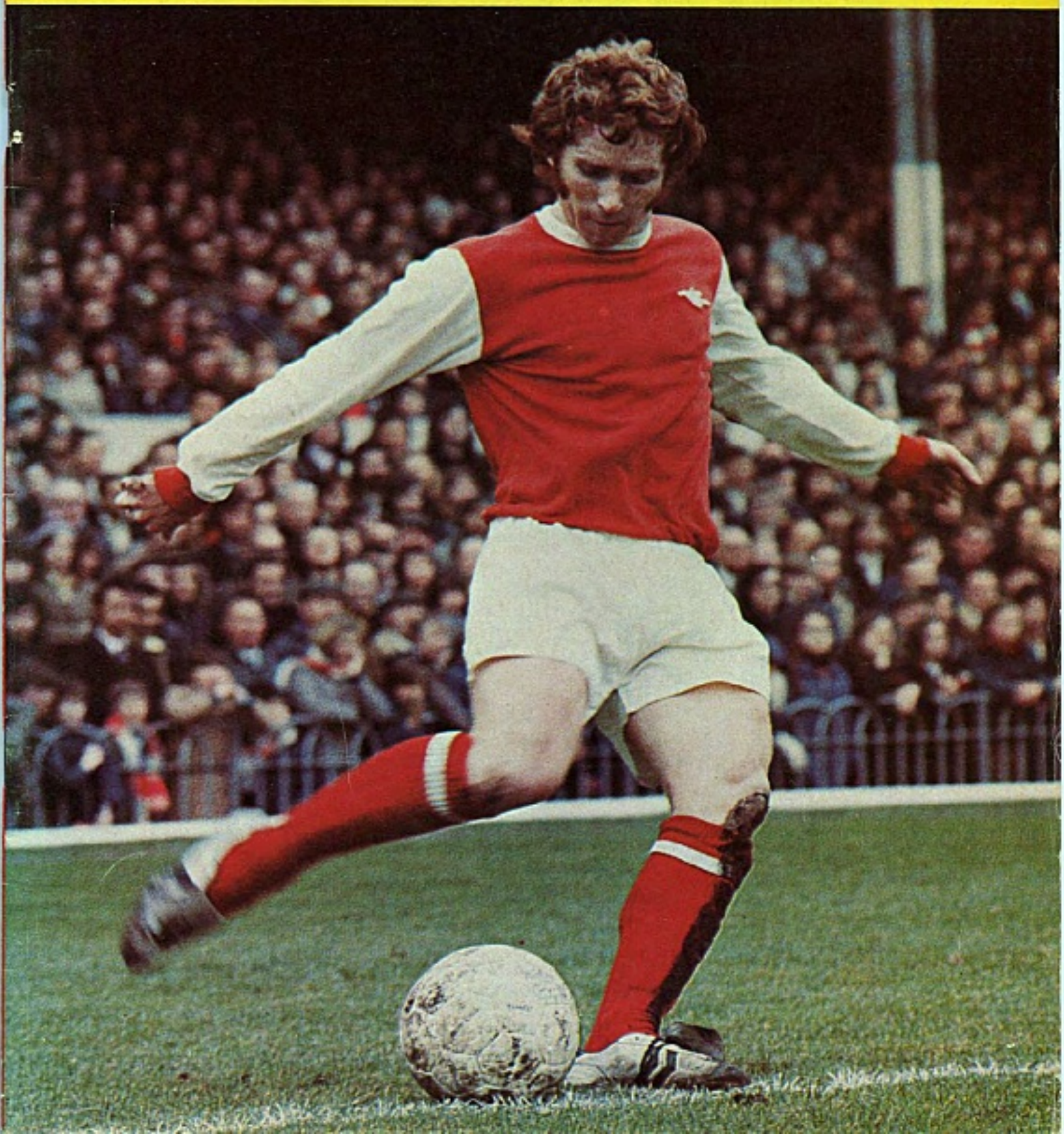
WORLD SOCCER

20p

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

JUNE 1972



SCHWARZENBECK (left) and CHIVERS

WEST GERMANY ENGLAND

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

79 TEMPLE CHAMBERS - LONDON EC4
Telephone: 01-353 5688

Editor PHILIP RISING

★

JUNE WORLD SOCCER 1972
VOL. 12 No. 9

★

Contents

		Page
West Germany v. England	*Philip Rising*	4
Rumania v. Hungary	*Leslie Vernon*	5
Belgium v. Italy	*Roger Macdonald*	6
Russia v. Yugoslavia	*Stephen Smith*	7
European Cup Final preview	*Roger Macdonald*	8
Personal Opinion	*Leslie Vernon*	11
Looking at Soccer	*Brian Glanville*	12
Australian news	*Andre Dettre*	14
News from France	*Andre Duelos*	15
British clubs in Europe	*Arthur Rotmil*	16
Hard task at Leeds Road	*Eric Thornton*	18
Steve Perryman interview	Gregory Tesser	19
Names make news	*Norman Cutler*	20
News from Scotland	*Alex Gordon*	22
News from U.S.A.	*Colin Jose*	23
News from Spain	*Norman Cutler*	24
A look at recent events	*Philip Rising*	26
West German newsletter	*Arthur Rotmil*	28
Libertadores Cup round-up	*Eric Weil*	30
News from Holland	*John Sparrow*	33
Post-war survey	*Eric Batty*	34
Better days for Birmingham	*Brian Glanville*	36
Irish news	*Colin McAlpin*	38
Unity is his ambition	*Norman Cutler*	39
Swiss news	*Arthur Rotmil*	40
Brazilian Notebook	*Hans Henningsen*	42
European Cup Winners Cup preview	*Jack Rollin*	44
Book reviews		47
World Soccer newsdesk		48
News from Italy	*Philip Evans*	49

WORLD SOCCER (incorporating SOCCER STAR) is published monthly by Websters Publications Ltd., 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Chesham Press Ltd., Chesham, Buckinghamshire. © Websters Publications Ltd.

Well done Derby

OUTSIDE of Derby, Brian Clough is not the most popular manager in England. His forthright comments on radio and television, his ostensibly arrogant nature and his tone of voice are not easily digested by some folk. Personally I found him somewhat refreshing, honest, straight and willing to speak his mind; admirable qualities.

But Brian Clough the manager is not judged by his own personality or by any popularity poll. The performances of Derby County on the field of play speak for his professional skill. And what better advert for his talents could he possibly have than the Football League championship trophy safely installed at the Baseball Ground.

The achievement of Derby County to finish ahead of clubs such as Leeds United, Liverpool, Manchester City—all of whom have larger resources—was quite remarkable. Clough, and his assistant Peter Taylor, have worked wonders at Derby and their success rounded off a magnificent season in England for the Midlands.

Stoke City won the Football League Cup; Birmingham City were promoted; Aston Villa won the Third Division championship. Attendances at Birimingham and Villa, especially, were encouraging although Derby themselves might have hoped for better gates.

When news of Leeds' defeat at Wolverhampton, and Liverpool's draw at Arsenal, came through, Clough was holidaying in the Scilly Isles while the rest of the Derby staff were in Majorca. "They see enough of me during the season," said Brian, who turned down a lucrative offer to take over as manager of Coventry City.

Like him or hate him, you cannot argue with Brian Clough's record. And it is the opinion of the people closest to him—the players—that matters most. "He's fantastic," said Roy McFarland. 'Nuff said.

COVER PICTURE

Alan Ball experienced a number of disappointments during the month of May. His club, Arsenal, were beaten 1-0 by Leeds United in the FA Cup Final and England were eliminated from the European Championship. But now Ball can look forward to a rest from football . . . something he says he is desperately in need of.

ENGLAND ARE B

West Germany v England by PHILIP RISING

THE funeral of England's European Championship aspirations took place in Berlin as arranged. England were mortally wounded in the first leg at Wembley; the burial operation was a simple exercise in typical German expediency.

England went to play in the 1936 Olympic Stadium facing almost inevitable elimination from a competition they have yet to win. The fact that Sir Alf Ramsey's team came away with a draw—thus retaining an unbeaten record in the city—should not be misconstrued as a successful performance.

Ramsey, quite rightly, did not commit his team to reckless attack. But I would have preferred him to gamble a little rather than pack his "engine room" with four players, leaving just Martin Chivers and Rodney Marsh to carry the spearhead.

Sir Alf says England have always done better with 4-4-2. One assumes he was thinking back to the balmy days of 1966. But during England's World Cup triumph Alan Ball did a great deal of orthodox right wing work—remember how he ran Schnellinger off his feet?—and Bobby Charlton, so badly missed by the current side, was essentially an attacking cog: always in support of Geoff Hurst and Roger Hunt (the front runners) and eager to supply his own special brand of goal-scoring power, too.

Since Charlton dropped out of the international scene, England have lacked a player with a willingness to shoot from outside the penalty area. Even Francis Lee, who possesses a tremendous shot, fails to produce the goods, and why doesn't Martin Chivers unleash the sort of thunderbolt that shook Wolverhampton Wanderers rigid in the first leg of their UEFA Cup Final?

Effective

Norman Hunter and Peter Storey did a good job in Berlin, in the sense that they prevented Netzer and his pals dominating the midfield regions as they had done so effectively and ruthlessly at Wembley. But they contributed little of constructive value and neither Alan Ball nor Colin Bell, for all the running and hard graft they put in, looked capable of carving a way through a German defence that had Franz Beckenbauer's immense influence written all over it.

England had a few scrambled chances during the early exchanges, but West Germany rarely found it necessary to move into top gear. Gerd Muller was rarely to be seen, but one always had the impression that had Germany needed to score, he would have popped up with a goal; just as he did in the first leg after spending much of the game in relative obscurity.

Substitution

Eventually England, struggling as usual without the men with the guile and speed to go round the outside of the German rearguard, fell back into a familiar pattern. The substitution of Mike Summerbee for Marsh (and later Martin Peters, a shadow of his former self, for Hunter) was a characteristic Ramsey manoeuvre; negative to say the least.

Marsh had done little right, lacking the pace to lose his defender even if he did manage to conjure up a piece of trickery, but he might have done more with Summerbee in support. Chivers was left alone at a time when England desperately required goals. And why wasn't Malcolm

Penalty

Rumania v Hungary by LESLIE VERNON

"HOW to miss penalties and squander chances—a Hungarian rhapsody in five acts"—is an apt title of this month's teach-in on the strange ways of Magyar football. The first two chapters of this sorry tale were played out between Ferencvaros and Wolves in the UEFA Cup.

"Fradi" had an excellent opportunity to reach yet another European Final, because they are simply a better team than the Midlanders. Everything went according to plan in the home leg. Although Wolves took the lead, Szoke equalised from a penalty, and Albert put the green-and-whites ahead with a characteristically arrogant flick of his educated right foot.

Spot-kick

Early in the second half, the unfortunate Shaw punched a goal-bound shot over the bar, and as he had a No. 2 on his back, the ref. had no alternative but to award another spot-kick. Once again Istvan Szoke put the ball on the white mark and hit it straight at the astonished Parkes, who kicked it clear, falling backwards.

Wolves got a second goal through Munro, who headed past reserve 'keeper Bela Voros, following a corner—2-2! The Hungarians were fairly confident that they would do well in Wolverhampton, and the main topic of conversation centred around a possible penalty decision.

Finally, it was foolishly agreed that the Greek referee Michas (remembering Panoinos) was unlikely to award such a present, so no definite decision was made. We had hardly settled down in our seats, when a cross was completely mishandled by the nervous Voros, and Sunderland put Wolves ahead. Later, Munro got a second, and the tie seemed to be over. But after the restart, Ku took advantage of a brilliant Branikovits pass, and narrowed the gap to 1-2.

In the 49th minute, a Wolves defender accidentally handled the ball inside the box, and Michas, who wasn't such an ogre after all, pointed to the penalty spot. After a short confab between the players, I realised with numb horror that Szoke had been saddled again with the immense responsibility.

Aggregate

His kick was a carbon-copy of the one that got away in Budapest, and goalkeeper Parkes cleared it into safety. An action replay two weeks after the original! Wolves stayed in front and won the semi-final on a 4-3 aggregate, but of course, the crestfallen Hungarians missed two penalties—a luxury no team can afford in a European semi-final.

After the disappointment, the spotlight turned on the national team. Happily, goalkeeper Geczi had recovered but Vidate was still unavailable and Bene off form. Rudolf Illovsky gave Vepi his first cap, and reinstated Lajos Kocsis in midfield against Rumania in the European match.

Released

The visitors opened nervously, and Hungary had several scoring chances before a Kocsis through-ball found Branikovits, who hit the net with a low shot from 12 yards. In the 30th minute Balint released a tremendous thunderbolt which Raducanu could only push aside. Branikovits had the goal at his mercy, with the 'keeper prostrate on the floor, but instead of simply pushing the ball home *a la* Jimmy Greaves, he tried to blast a hole in the net, and the ball came back from the edge of the left-hand post. The Hungarians hit the bar once more, but as the game progressed, the Rumanians grabbed the ascendancy, and an equaliser seemed inevitable. It arrived in the 55th minute, when goalkeeper

URIED

Macdonald at least given a chance to unveil that lethal left foot in international football?

Ramsey could have thrown caution to the wind for the last 30 minutes, although such a policy would be alien to his very nature. Yet he had nothing to lose. His team might have well lost gloriously as drawn what was a disappointing and, at times, downright boring match.

I would certainly not criticise the determination and effort of the players. Coming so soon after a long, gruelling season some of them scaled incredible heights in terms of physical achievement. But a little less blind running and more skill and improvisation would have been welcome.

Confidence

As at Wembley, Beckenbauer was in a class of his own. His almost arrogant, ostensibly casual approach and superlative skill and confidence produced a display that was a sight to behold. Germany have other players of authentic world class in Netzer and Muller. And in players like Swarzenbeck, Hoeness, Wimmer and Breitner—what a prospect he is—they also possess a formidable supporting cast.

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP SPECIAL

Peter Storey stops Gerd Muller from putting the ball in the net with an unorthodox tackle but, fortunately for England, Muller was ruled offside.

misses costly

Geczi misjudged the flight of a free-kick, and Satmareanu headed a soft goal. 1-1 draw—a good result for Rumania!

A week later, Hungary continued their quest for a place in the World Cup Finals with a match against Malta at Budapest. Fazekas and Branikovits were out with injuries, and even in their absence, Illovszky selected an attacking formation: Geczi—Vepi, Pancsics, Vidats, P. Juhasz—I. Juhasz, Szucs—Szoke, Bene, Dunai, Zambo.

The Maltese played their own version of the Eton wall game, with every man jack in his own penalty box. Mizzi performed small miracles in goal, and Brifla kicked Bene more often than he touched the ball. Kocsis (38 mins.), Bene (62 mins.) and Istvan Juhasz (75 mins.) got the goals for a modest 3-0 victory.

Toughness

But, of course, the Maltese interlude only served as a breather before the vital second-leg European Championship tie in Bucharest. The Magyars dreaded this fixture, partly because of the long-standing "needle" between the two countries, partly on account of the reputed toughness of hosts. Nevertheless Rudolf Illovsky did a great psychological job on the boys, and they tackled the task with admirable confidence.

Fabian came in instead of Vepi at right back, Balint took over as sweeper from the injured Vidats, and Kocsis replaced the rather ineffective Dunai. The capacity crowd had a shock in the fifth minute, when Ferenc Bene dribbled past the defence brilliantly, and beat Raducanu with a cunning cross-shot. The ball hit a post, but Szoke was on hand to slam it gratefully into the net.

Ambition

In the 14th minute, Pancsics, who has been playing extremely well all season, committed a rare error, and let Domide through. This time, the Rumanian hit the bar, and Dobrin had to finish the job—1-1. Hungary, still full of running and ambition, had a lion's share of the play, and a Szoke-Bene-Kocsis move gave the Honved player a chance to score. 2-1 to the visitors.

In the last minute of the first period, Zambo sailed through the defence, but the sprawling Dinu scooped the ball away from him with his arm. The West German referee, Tschenscher, gave a penalty—the moment of truth had arrived. Pre-match, it was decided that the ice-cool Pancsics should take penalties, yet, inexplicably, it was Kocsis who lined up for the kick.

As the Hungarian players turned their backs, not daring to look, Kocsis tamely lobbed the ball into the giant hands of Raducanu! The third fatal miss in three games—it was certainly one of the mysteries of football, as Sir Alf would put it. (At least, he never missed a penalty during his career!)

Instead of 1-3, the game ended in a 2-2 draw, as Neagu equalised after 82 minutes. Dunai and Lajos Ku (first cap!) came on as subs., but by then it was too late. And so, on to Belgrade for a play-off-match.

STOP PRESS

Hungary won through to the semi-finals of the European Championship when they beat Rumania 2-1 in a play-off in Belgrade. In front of a 50,000 crowd, Kocsis gave Hungary the lead in the 26th minute. Neagu replied nine minutes later but a goal by Szocke two minutes from the end gave Hungary victory.

Reigning champions eliminated and knives are out

Belgium v Italy

by

ROGER MACDONALD

ENGLAND, it seems, are not the only side in Europe who have some hard thinking to do both about the composition of their team and the tactics they use, if they wish to make an impact in the next World Cup. For the reigning European Champions, Italy, were beaten 2-1 by Belgium in Brussels, losing their quarter-final tie on the same 2-1 aggregate.

And already the Italian press has been vociferous in its demands for changes, including the resignation of the national team manager Ferruccio Valcareggi. And one of those who appears to want him to go is the Italian FA president, Senor Franchi, who said after the match that "Italy must rebuild completely, with many more young players, and if Valcareggi resisted such changes he would have no choice but to resign."

Valcareggi himself had no qualms with the result. "Belgium were the better side," he said, "and no individual player in our team was at fault. If anyone is to blame, then it is me."

Anxious

Belgium's master stroke was the choice of Anderlecht's ground, the Park Astrid, for the match instead of the much larger Heysel Stadium. For with a capacity crowd of 38,000 close to the pitch roaring them on, the Belgians carried the game to the Italians, tackling fiercely and quickly, never allowing them to settle. It was this constant movement and aggression that prevented the World Cup finalists from finding any true fluency in attack, and left them anxious and harassed in defence.

Yet in some ways it was a match that left a sour taste in the mouth, for both sides committed a series of brutal, calculated fouls, many of which the Austrian referee Haus Schiller allowed to go unpunished. At one stage in the second half we had the extraordinary sight of Roberto Boninsegna and Erwin Van den Daele exchanging blows in the penalty area, while play continued at the other end of the field, with the referee seemingly oblivious of the brawl behind him.

The biggest setback for Belgium, and one which could materially affect their prospects of winning the European title when the finals are (presumably) played in Brussels next month, was the loss of their outstanding player, Wilfred Van Moer, with a broken leg. Van Moer was tackled ferociously by Bertini, who afterwards expressed his regrets and claimed it was an accident, but the slow-motion replay suggested otherwise.

Be that as it may, Belgium had lost a vital cog in their machine, especially as Van Moer himself had put them ahead in the 23rd minute. Facchetti gave away a free-kick on the right-hand touchline by a late tackle on Semmeling, who took the kick himself and curved the ball meticulously into the penalty area, where Van Moer timed his leap perfectly to head past Albertosi.

Plausible

Afterwards Facchetti claimed that the free-kick should never have been given, a plausible point of view, but Albertosi admitted that he had been slow moving into position and saw Van Moer's header much too late. Belgium had the breakthrough they needed.

Instead of pressing home their advantage, however, the Belgians immediately fell back on defence, a tactical error that allowed the Italians to seize the initiative. Piot was forced to dive bravely at De Sisti's feet to prevent a certain score, and then, as Belgium foolishly passed back in a time-wasting manoeuvre, he had to handle the ball outside the penalty area. Fortunately, the resulting free-kick was easily cleared.

Van Moer's injury occurred on the stroke of half-time, so Polleunis came on in his place at the start of the second half; whether through conscience or simple logic, Valcareggi immediately replaced the man responsible, Bertini, bringing on Fabio Capello.

Polleunis quickly blended with the Belgian attack, and twice Albertosi went full length to save from Van Himst and Dockx. But not even he could prevent Belgium's second goal in the 71st minute, brilliantly engineered by Lambert, magnificently completed by Van Himst.

Low centre

Dockx bisected two defenders with a shrewd pass to Lambert, whose fast, low centre somehow avoided Burgnich and dropped right into the path of Van Himst, who had seen what was coming and had accelerated into the penalty area. Without the slightest hesitation, he met the ball on the run and hit it past Albertosi at tremendous speed, squeezing it between the goalkeeper and the post.

Italy threw everything into attack, but they won possession only at the expense of further friction between the teams, as the Belgians ruthlessly traded space for time. With just four minutes left, Capello was upended by Heylens just the wrong side of the penalty line, and Riva scored from the spot. But it came far too late to save an Italian side that lacked, above all, the will to survive.

Italian striker Luigi Riva slots home a penalty against Belgium, but it was too late to prevent his side from being eliminated from the European Championship.

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP SPECIAL

FIRST GOAL TO KOLOTOV

Russia v Yugoslavia by STEPHEN SMITH

THE rain stopped just before the start, and the capacity crowd of 103,000 in the circular bowl of the Lenin Stadium on the banks of the River Moscow began the laborious task of putting down their umbrellas or discreetly getting rid of the sodden copies of "Pravda" they had held above their heads with a proper sense of the priorities of life.

Had the opening minutes of the game been at all interesting, they might also have missed a goal, but of this there was no danger: Russia were about to overwhelm Yugoslavia 3-0, not by a rapier thrust, but with laborious, inexorable pressure, like using a steam roller to crack a nut.

Combination

Yugoslavia tried manfully to get their attack going, and Dzajic indulged in some promising combination play with Acimovic and Jankovic which might even have brought a goal but for the acrobatics of Rudakov, the black daring figure in the Russian goal. But soon Dzajic relapsed into indifference, nursing his own neurosis, and the Yugoslavs spent more and more time in negative defence.

Even the Soviet crowd, to whom the propulsion of a toilet roll or indeed any other missile would be an anathema, began to grow restless in the second half, when Russia, despite a great deal of misplaced energy, looked no nearer achieving their objective. But then Victor Kolotov, who had missed the first, goalless leg in Belgrade because of a sudden illness, took a speculative pass from Troshkin on the run, deceived Holzer with a beautiful body-swerve on the edge of the penalty area, and hit the ball explosively towards the far corner of the net.

Intercept

Maric, the Yugoslav keeper, made a valiant effort to intercept, but his dive was a fraction too late: the ball ended in the net and Maric, sliding across the greasy turf, in a woeful, crumpled heap at the foot of the post.

This goal galvanised the Russians into fresh activity, with Bishovets, whose recall had seemed of dubious merit up to this point, suddenly finding his touch—starting those long, flowing runs we saw occasionally in Mexico, his blond hair catching the pale sunlight. Banishevsky found more and more space in which to work, and as Yugoslavia pushed upfield more with blind hope than conviction, Russia had an overlap.

The computer went into operation, produced the requisite number of passes at the right moment and in the right direction, and Banishevsky was left clear on the edge of the penalty area. Ramlak came across to intercept, Banishevsky rode the tackle, and struck his shot just under the crossbar, leaving Maric helpless.

Yugoslavia tried two substitutes, bringing on the more creative Petkovic for the sadly incompetent Holzer, and finally Jerkovic for Oblak, but this merely served to ruin what rhythm they had. The Russian defence never wavered, and their own substitute, Kozinkevic, set the seal on the match with a third goal in the last minute.

The rain started again, and for Yugoslavia it must have seemed rather symbolic: what had happened to the team that played such brilliant football barely a year before?

EUROPEAN CUP FINAL PREVIEW

AJAX TO MAKE IT THREE IN A ROW FOR HOLLAND?

GOAL: Another year of top-class international football has done wonders for the positional strength of the Ajax 'keeper Heinz STUY, but he remains the weak link in their side, whose only representative honours came a long while back for the ponderous Dutch Army selection. But for all that, Arsenal found that even Stuy could be relied upon to take the average cross of the average player without making unforced errors, and he needs to be put under pressure on the ground. Stuy is perhaps unfortunate to be compared with the Inter goalkeeper, Lido VIERI, an Italian international, who on a good day seems to possess octopus, telescopic arms with magnetic fingers. Vieri has had many good days this season, and played marvellously well against Celtic in Glasgow, keeping Inter alive when the Scots' tidal wave of attacks seemed certain to engulf them.

FREE-BACK: Inter have switched Tarcisco BURGNICH into the role if *libero*, now that at the age of 33 he finds many left wingers can beat him by the simple process of kick and run. But what Burgnich lacks in acceleration, he compensates for in huge experience, a sixth sense in the penalty area of imminent danger, and superb timing in the tackle. Burgnich is a more complete player than Horse BLANKENBURG, the West German signed from Munich 1860 by the former Ajax manager Rinus Michels. Stefan Kovacs gave him this responsible task in the heart of defence when Velibor Vasovic retired, and Blankenburg has never let him down. He had an outstanding match for Ajax in Lisbon, when Benfica, a goal adrift from the first leg, laid siege to the Dutch penalty area.

FULL BACKS: Ajax rely on Wim SUURBIER's speed to support their attack, though he has been less evident in their European Cup run this year than in 1971. Suurbier's weakness seems to be a ball on his left foot, and a good winger darting inside can sometimes unsettle him. Inter, of course, have the most famous attacking full-back in the world, Giacinto FACCHETTI, on the opposite flank, and even at 30 Facchetti, is still a formidably skilful player for such a big man, so difficult to knock off the ball. But Facchetti no longer has the reserves of strength for a long chase back when Inter lose possession, so his excursions upfield, particularly in important matches, remain few and far between.

Rudi KROL, like Suurbier, a Dutch international, missed the European Cup final last year because of a broken leg, but he is back in the team this season with no visible after-effects. Krol is an orthodox player, with good powers of anticipation—perhaps lacking the flair of Inter's right-back Mario BELLUGI, who at 22 shows maturity beyond his years. Bellugi fancies himself in attack, but has been restrained by his manager, Gianni Invernizzi, so far. The Italians might have the edge here on paper, but Suurbier and Krol are more accustomed to being left to their own devices.

CENTRE-HALF: The tallest player in the Ajax side, Barry HULSOFF, has shown his ability against some of the best strikers in Europe — including Eusebio, whom he subdued completely in Lisbon after a nervous start. Hulsoff is a vigorous tackler but a little unimaginative, noticeably slow to recover if and when an opponent does succeed in drawing him out of position. Inter have a much better prospect in Mario GUIBERTONI, signed from Palermo for £200,000 last season. Although not noticeably tall, Guibertoni has surprising ability in the air, and he's clever and cool under pressure.

MIDFIELD AND DEFENCE: Invernizzi will have to decide whether to use Gabriele ORIALI or Gianfranco BEDIN as a supplementary defender and may well plump for the more experienced Bedin, who played in Inter's last final against Celtic back in 1967. Bedin has improved enormously in the past year, and is far more than a destroyer; once he's won the ball he makes good use of it, with accurate passes over immense distances. Oriali, still only 19, is a marvellous prospect, tremendously good on the turn and possessing lightning reactions; but this is a big game to gamble on youth. Ajax have no comparable player adopting quite such a defensive role, but in difficult circumstances Gerd MUHREN can do the job as well as anybody—although he lacks a little weight in the tackle and favours his left foot.

MIDFIELD: Inter, with five defenders playing deep, rely on Mario BERTINI and Mario FRUSTALUPPI to create the openings, or at worst to fetch and carry from one end to the other. Bertini, a highly successful player who caught the eye in Italy's World Cup team, can play equally well at the back, but seems a little jaded this season. So much of the burden falls on Frustaluppi, another £200,000 signing, from Sampdoria Genoa. He works hard to find the openings, but he is no real substitute for Mario CORSO — suspended by UEFA for attacking the referee during the 7-1 débacle in Munchengladbach earlier in the season.

ROGER MACDONALD, who has seen both finalists in action over the past month, pinpoints the respective strengths and weaknesses of Ajax and Inter-Milan. . . .

"Cruyff has the edge with his incredible close ball control"

Ajax manager Stefan Kovacs.

Ajax, accustomed to linking three men in midfield instead of two, seem overwhelmingly superior here—for although Nico Rijnders has been transferred to Bruges, Arie HAAN, one of the substitutes at Wembley, has made the position his own. If anything he combines even better than Rijnders with Johan NEESKENS, a brilliantly creative player and the source of many of Ajax's best moves. Neeskens had a meteoric rise to fame following his discovery by an old Ajax player, Groot, while playing for Haarlem, and at 20 he is an outstanding prospect for the future. Ajax even have a fourth midfield man to call on, Dick VAN DYK, playing deeper this season after appearing at Wembley as an orthodox front-runner, when he headed the first goal in Ajax's 2-0 victory over Panathinaikos. Van Dyk frequently comes on as substitute, allowing Haan to run himself out in the first half.

WINGERS: Inter have only one, Brazilian JAIR DA COSTA, who has been with the club for more than nine years, making over 200 appearances. Jair has wonderful ball control and a devastating body-swerve that can take him past any defender, but he is now in his thirties, and no longer quite the force of nature he was in the last decade. Jair was on the verge of retirement a year ago, but Invernizzi persuaded him to postpone his return to Rio, and this season Jair has had many excellent matches on the right flank. Ajax have two wingers, equally mature, with Sjaak SWAART at outside-right, already past his 33rd birthday. Swaart appeared in last year's final at left-back, and won many of his 30 caps for Holland at centre-forward. Yet for all that, his versatility seems due to the fact that he plays the same kind of game whatever his position — harrying opponents, followed by push-and-run football when he has possession. Piet KEIZER, the Ajax outside-right, is a complete contrast. Not for him the dependable level of dull mediocrity—either he hits the top notes, and his wing play gathers momentum like a choir in crescendo, or he is off-key, and the whole orchestration dissolves into chaos. Keizer, now the club captain, worked his way out of a bad patch in 1969, when Ajax first reached the European Cup final—losing 4-1 to AC Milan. Their constant involvement in European football seems to have given him a new lease of life, because Keizer seemed bored with the domestic Dutch game. And Liverpool can still remember what he did to them one foggy night in Amsterdam when Ajax were still an unknown quantity. With Jair over the top, Keizer must give the cup holders a clear advantage on the flanks.

INSIDE-FORWARDS: With Dick Van Dyk playing in midfield, when he plays at all, Ajax have abandoned the dual-striker system, relying on Keizer and Swaart to double up as inside-forwards—or, if they find their way through on the flanks, to provide ammunition for Neeskens or Haan, running through as surprise reinforcements from the rear. But there is no one in the Dutch side with quite the role of Sandrino MAZZOLA, outstanding as he always is in midfield for Italy, but much more of an attacker in the Inter shirt. Mazzola will, of course, play deep if his side are under pressure, but he is never happier than when defensive responsibility is lifted from his shoulders. Mazzola has a range of skills and a sense of angles second to none, and he can score some great goals—remember the one for Italy against Switzerland, when he juggled the ball across the penalty area on his foot before shooting home while the Swiss defence stood amazed and powerless.

CENTRE-FORWARD: There is something of the rebel in both Roberto BONINSEGNA, Inter's centre-forward, and Johann CRUYFF, who fills the position so spectacularly for Ajax. Boninsegna is a fast, direct player, seemingly oblivious to knocks, and he receives many in the Soho-like atmosphere of the Italian League. Not only is his courage beyond question, but so is his heading ability—watch him climb above taller defenders with a late, spring-heeled leap. A knee injury kept Boninsegna out of the second leg against Celtic, and without him, it is clear that Inter's attack is blunted. As a taker of chances, Boninsegna has no equal but he cannot load the cannon—only fire it. This is where Cruyff has the edge, for he, with his incredible close control, can make a chance out of nothing, and having made it, score with shots more suited to a repeater rifle. Time and time again Cruyff seems to have run into a blind alley, with defenders yapping at his heels, too close to the touchline. But in one blurred movement he can open the cul-de-sac with a bewildering change of direction and an awe-inspiring piece of footwork that leaves opponents empty-handed. So fluid is the Ajax attack this year, that defences cannot afford the luxury of an extra man on Cruyff, and no single centre-half in Europe is a match for him.

CITY TRAVEL LTD

WIN A FREE TRIP AND TICKET FOR ONE TO THE WORLD CUP FINALS

Yes! City Travel will provide a free ticket, conveyance and luxury accommodation to the lucky winner of our unique spot the event competition.
However, every entrant is entitled to go to the World Cup Finals at a specially reduced rate. So you can't lose!

HOW TO ENTER: Use your skill and judgement to decide where this picture was taken and what famous event it signifies. Then in the space provided on the coupon write in no more than fifteen words why you would like to go to Germany. Entries are free.
Closing date July 9, 1972. Name and address of the winner will be published in World Soccer, dated July 1972.

Rules:

(WORLD CUP COMPETITION)

1. This competition is open to all readers over the age of sixteen. Entries will not be accepted from any members of the staff at Websters Publications or City Travel Ltd.
2. An entrant may make three entries for each issue of World Soccer magazine. Plain paper entries will not be accepted. Any further entries must be on World Soccer coupons.
3. Entries should be received by us not later than July 9, 1972 Entries received after this date will be ignored.
4. No responsibility is accepted for entries lost or delayed in transit. Illegible or ambiguous entries will be declared void. Mark your entry carefully and clearly.
5. In the interpretation of these rules and in dealing with any unforeseen eventuality the decision of City Travel Ltd. is final and binding. No correspondence will be entered into. Acceptance of all rules is condition of entry.

All tickets and travel arrangements offered as prizes in this competition are guaranteed by City Travel Ltd; specialists in tours of this nature.

-------CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE-------

I agree to abide by the rules, and submit.....entries

Name .....
Mr. Mrs. or Miss. Block letters

Address .....

.....

City Travel Service, 116 City Road, London, E.C.1.

(1a) The picture was taken in.....

(1b) It signifies.....

.....

(2a) The picture was taken in.....

(2b) It signifies.....

.....

(3a) The picture was taken in.....

(3b) It signifies.....

.....

In 15 words say why you would like to go to GERMANY to see the World Cup Finals.

.....

.....

.....

Personal Opinion by LESLIE VERNON

"Points system" for bookings is a good one

THE mind-boggling wrangle between the Football League and the FA is so petty, boring and parochial that any comment on it would give it undeserved importance. One must not take a street brawl seriously or pay any attention to the harangue of a power-mad dictator, otherwise the participants might believe that these are effective ways of attracting publicity.

Nevertheless, there is one proposed reform outside the main orbit of the dispute which I wholeheartedly endorse, and that is the takeover of disciplinary matters by the Football League. The Hardaker "points system" idea is an excellent solution to this prickly problem, which became progressively more tiresome and unfair during the season.

Punishments

It is clear that the FA did not back up the referees, thus taking the sting out of the admirable early-season initiative to clean up the game. Appeals, postponements, witnesses galore, inconsistent punishments or lack of them, made the proceedings farcical. Justice might have been seen to be done, but in fact wasn't done at all.

Although the players showed the appropriate signs of incredulity and chagrin when they were cautioned in a match, deep down they knew that the poor old ref's scribbling wasn't worth the paper it was written on and that the consequences would be negligible.

This watering-down of the disciplinary process created an amoral situation, because some referees, discouraged by the same authority which gave them the tightening-up order in the first place, loosened their control on the players, and the "anything goes" era raised its ruthless head again. But now the officials have realised that they do have the power to "make" a football match a sporting contest between two sets of players, instead of a free-for-all punch-up.

Misconduct

So they are rightly demanding a disciplinary system which accepts their on-the-spot judgment as final, and acts merely as deterrent against future misconduct. After all, a referee might award a controversial goal, make a mistake with timekeeping, or generally make an ass of himself, and still his decision in all matters will be sacrosanct.

Why should a booking or a dismissal be different? According to the League's plan, players cautioned would be given "black marks" from 1 to 4, depending on the nature of the offence. If a footballer is sent off, the suspension is for three games. There is no appeal, no expensive disciplinary meetings, with referees giving up their free time or getting leave from their civilian occupation.

The suspensions simply forbid the player to appear for his club, but there wouldn't be any monetary punishment, consequently, the system does not contravene the Industrial Relations Bill.

The entire procedure would be in the hands of the Football League, who would be responsible for the "book-keeping" and informing the clubs of the contents of the refs' reports, i.e., how many "points" are registered against a player. At the end of each season, the slate would be wiped clean, no more "12-month hangovers" often punishing a club for the sins of another—if one accepts the theory that managers are responsible for the conduct of their players.

This is a sensible package deal. It would help referees and players, and would be beneficial to the game. I'd also like to see the introduction of the card system used in international tournaments. A yellow disc has a psychological effect, and at last we poor journalists would know for certain whether a player (and which player!) had been booked or not.

It is certain that the FA will fight for its right to administer justice—they do like to hang on to the little power they still have over FL clubs. But this system must be, and I'm sure will be, implemented sooner or later—so why not right now?

The fight between the FA and the FL is about power and money. I am not particularly interested in either. Ideally, football is a sport, a game, recreation and entertainment. To you and me and the ordinary supporter that is. But not to the clubs, which have become more commercially minded than the Stock Exchange. In the past, they have kidded us that winning the Championship was a notable achievement, and to annexe the European Cup was the dream of every manager.

Lucrative

This year's tussle seemed to me nothing more than rival firms fighting over a lucrative European contract. After Manchester United's tender was turned down, Derby (£25,000 per year for the manager), Manchester City (£200,000 for Rod-ney), Leeds (there is no business like show business) and Liverpool (Keegan—the bargain of the year) were the main contenders, while others prettied themselves up to march into EEC football.

Did I write football? Sorry, that is a game amateurs play on Hackney Marshes . . .

Conversely, the acceptance of money as a key factor showed itself in the controversy over the "loan system". While one and all condemns the lending of players for a limited period to another club as unfair, an abuse of the system, etc., no one ever complains about the transfer of players during the season.

In my view, if it was wrong for Fulham to borrow Mullery, it would have been just as unfair to buy him in the middle of a relegation battle. Just because a post-dated cheque changes hands, a transaction should not be allowed to buy promotion or help clubs to avoid the dreaded drop. Transfers during the season are not sanctioned in any other major European footballing country.

When Juventus lost Bettega in January, they would have loved to lash out on a replacement, but they had to fall back on their own resources. The same applies in West Germany, Spain, Russia, Yugoslavia, etc. Since in England, traditionally, money can buy football happiness, I would only dare to suggest a limited reform.

Players should not change clubs and remain in the same division, in other words, play for the same trophy for two (or more!) different clubs. For instance, once Alan Ball appeared for Everton in Division I, he shouldn't have been allowed to do the same for Arsenal.

If players can be "cup-tied" in both domestic competitions, they should also be "league-tied". Clubs willing to invest during the season should be forced to spread a little of their unearned income amongst their less fortunate brethren in the lower divisions.

A WORLD SOCCER inquiry conducted by B

FOOTBALL FA SERIOUS PRO

THE time for evasion, procrastination and cheap jokes has long since gone. This English football season has shown us, beyond all doubt, that the game at large faces an appalling problem: the over-use, the physical exhaustion, of players. The fact that there is a tendency, among the most overworked of our footballers, to incur grave strain on the pelvic girdle, has been known to certain surgeons—such as the medical adviser to Orient—for at least two years. Only this year, however, has it been brought to public consciousness. Alan Mullery and Bob McNab, by a strange coincidence, each an English international, playing for a North London club, suffered badly from the injury this season, missing most of it. Other players have had to have an operation to put matters right.

Perhaps the most alarming warning of all has recently been given by the respected club doctor and the medical adviser—a surgeon—of Tottenham Hotspur, who feel that so great a strain is being put on contemporary players that they may soon be retiring as early as 27.

It was surely bound to happen, and perhaps, in a sense, it represents still another facet of our great contemporary sickness; the tendency to treat the body like a machine. Unfortunately for the purposes of those who do, the body is not a machine. It cannot, by and large, be driven indefinitely, nor can its component parts easily be replaced.

Unhappily, the clubs, not only in Britain but throughout Europe and South America, have placed themselves in a cleft stick. They have allowed major competitions to proliferate to such an extent that the demands on their players must inevitably become more and more oppressive. The answer of the Football League's Secretary, Mr. Alan Hardaker, and those of his persuasion, to this would no doubt be that these games are necessary because the players are so highly paid.

When Gigi Peronace, the principal apologist for the deplorable and irrelevant Anglo-Italian tournament, not long ago tried to justify it to me, it was on the grounds that it was making more and more money for Italian clubs which desperately needed it, since they were obliged to pay their players at a time when no receipts were coming in.

But these arguments are fallacious. So far as the Italian clubs are concerned, I have said before and I must say again that they pay such ludicrously exaggerated salaries and bonuses and transfer fees that to try to subsidise them by arranging extra matches is like trying to irrigate the Sahara.

'Players may soon retire at the age of 27...'

Abolished

Moreover, this proliferation of fixtures is something which was beginning to happen well before the maximum, £20 a week, wage was abolished in England, so that League clubs at last found themselves having to pay realistic wages. The European Cup was born in 1955; the same year as the European Fairs Cup, though it is true that the latter in its first edition wended its weary way over three long years. The Cup Winners Cup followed in the early 1960s, each competition involving home and away matches in every round up to the Final; with the exception of the Fairs (now the UEFA) Cup.

In Britain, moreover, we now have the Football League Cup, which was launched by the League, jealous of the prestige and success of the Football Association Cup, at the very time when the number of fixtures needed to be reduced, not increased. When poor, over-played Stoke City reached the Final of the League Cup as relatively early in the season as March, they had already played over forty competitive matches. They went on to a long run in the F.A. Cup, besides; including a replayed semi-final against Arsenal. And as if this were not enough, they had already, and almost unforgivably, committed themselves to participating in the Anglo-Italian trophy in June. Madness.

Reduction

What is the way out of it all? In the first place, national First Divisions just have to be cut down. The Italian League have sensibly shown the way, by reducing their Serie A or First Division to sixteen clubs which, given the state of things, is also, quite simply . . . madness.

Since the world's major clubs all desperately need money, you can be fairly sure that they will fight all the way against a reduction of fixtures; even though this may, and in my opinion must, be ultimately in their own interests. When, after all, did employers cheerfully make consessions, without pressure?

That pressure will inevitably have to come, in the end, from footballers themselves, but players throughout the world seem remarkably supine, bewilderingly unaware.

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

FACES PROBLEM

'The body is not a machine—its parts cannot be replaced'

Arsenal full-back Bob McNab—who missed much of the 1971-72 season because of a pelvic injury—is pictured tackling Peter Lorimer of Leeds United in the first minute of the 1972 FA Cup Final.

When I spoke to Derek Dougan, Wolves' excellent Irish international centre-forward, and Chairman of the Professional Footballers' Association, about it, recently, on the eve of a UEFA Cup match in Turin, he responded, first, that the injury may well be nothing new, but might have been just as prevalent in the past, though unrecognised; secondly, that in his view it is not the extra matches but the training which is doing the damage.

He may be right; at the moment we simply don't know, because nobody has done the essential, physiological research; surely the first requisite. Once we have the facts, we can see just how much players can be expected to do, and at precisely what point they are being put at risk. Meanwhile, cannot the clubs begin to realise that, even from the most selfish, materialistic point of view, they are exhausting and wasting their own, expensive assets?

Besides cutting down the size of League Championships, something must be done about international competition. The European Cup tournaments are a perfect test case, a perfect, if alarming, symbol of the whole. There is no justification other than an economic one for the habit of playing home and away legs, instead of "sudden death."

Indeed, a sudden death principle would make these competitions so much more open and interesting. But I contend that the economic principle, as it stands and appears, is now overridden by that of the players' well being; which, in the final reckoning, as I have shown, is surely an economic principle in itself.

There are obviously drawbacks and objections to the sudden death system, most of all that away teams will be tempted to play a bitterly negative game. But don't they anyway, as matters stand? Would they become any more defensive and destructive? They hardly could if they tried, bearing in mind the way Internazionale played against Borussia Munchengladbach in Berlin, Milan at Tottenham, Celtic if you like, against Inter at San Siro.

The European Championship Cup seems to me ripe for abolition because—like the Football League Cup—it was brought to birth at a time we least needed it; and the game could exist as happily without it as it did for most of its history. But these are merely personal suggestions, however well based I believe them to be in logic. What we need, as soon as possible, is a stringent physiological investigation, and sharp action from the sleepy, if increasingly exploited, players.

World Cup Fund gets a boost

Andrew Dettre in Australia

Sydney Hakoah's international striker, Ray Baartz (light shirt) striking an odd pose as he is contesting a ball with Yugal stopper Ivor Rudic in a recent championship match.

BETWEEN the time this offering was dispatched and appeared in print, an announcement was due to be made, amidst pomp and ceremony, informing the unruly soccer plebs of the country of a very large and very strange windfall. The Australian Federation, it seems, has succeeded in enlisting the support of a few large corporations to set up a "World Cup Fund" to the tune of about £40,000.

This, by Brazilian standards where every four years the national budget is geared towards capturing this Cup, seems small fry indeed. However, in Australia it may well represent a massive break-through and the first serious, planned attempt at making the final 16. In the unhappy past, lack of money was often blamed for Australia's narrow failures in this field: everything had to be done on a shoestring with even spare balls causing problems.

Conquer

It is to be hoped that with this headache solved, those responsible for our World Cup bid will get down to serious business. The omens, however, are not the best. For some mysterious reason, the ASF has invited two British teams, Dundee and Wolverhampton, for tours in May and June—and neither looms like an ideal sparring partner. The chances are they will come, see and conquer, probably in a low gear—but will not aid our team materially for the coming battles against Asian teams whose style, pace and tactics are so different.

The planned Asian tour in October and November is more to the point. Here, at least, Australia will meet teams that should give us the necessary experience for the World Cup ties of 1973. Details of this tour are likely to be announced by ASF secretary in May, after his return from a brief visit to Bangkok.

The domestic scene is in full swing though far from being in a very healthy state. Recently St. George won the Interstate Ampol Cup final, outclassing Melbourne's Croatia 4-1 and 1-0 in the final. In the past, this would have pleased the Sydney local-patriots no end—but no more. Victorian soccer is at a low ebb; their State team was crushed 4-0 by South Australia who, in turn, were easily outclassed by NSW 3-1, in Adelaide. These results only indicate that more than ever, Sydney's domination is all but complete.

Supremo

But Sydney itself is experiencing some sort of a slump. St. George, after their interstate triumph, came down to earth in the NSW championship, losing two and drawing two of their first seven matches and all but forfeiting the title to their arch rivals Hakoah, who have collected 13 points in their seven outings. Hakoah, under their new supremo, Bobby Collins, are likely to win the 1972 title with many points to spare—and yet they themselves play below their 1971 level.

Western Suburbs, one of the top teams last season, are having a disastrous run, three draws and four defeats have swept them to second to last place in the table while Marconi, under the guidance of national team coach Rale Rasic, and having spent a small fortune on new players, are also in the soup, losing more often than winning.

To make things worse, attendances are once again falling with people staying away by their thousands, thoroughly bored with the fare dished out to them by stereotyped, dull teams heavily built on British rejects from fourth division reserve and amateur ranks.

The only club experiencing some kind of a boom is Yugal, unashamedly fielding a team of Yugoslav migrant players, playing an attractive brand of football and drawing the best crowds to their fixtures. There is perhaps a morale to this though the other clubs don't seem to notice it. British migrants hardly ever watch soccer here, yet the majority of players in Sydney teams are British; I wonder how long the wrong product can be offered to the wrong market without tragic effects?

Ligament

Australia's national team captain, John Warren, was due back from Malaysia after having attended a three-month FIFA coaching course under Dettmar Cramer. Warren hasn't played since May last year when he tore a cruciate ligament as well as a cartilage in his knee. At 28, his career is in some doubt and it won't be known whether he can resume until he has rejoined his club, St. George.

During his absence a rumour was heard that Warren may be appointed Australia's first National Director of Coaching, a job advertised throughout the world. However, he hasn't even applied and unless the ASF wants to hand it to him by general acclamation, he is definitely out of the running.

Education

Indeed, Warren is not terribly interested in a coaching career at all and undertook the FIFA course mainly to broaden his soccer education. If he cannot play again— a terrible blow to Australian soccer— he is likely to shift to club management, possibly public relations but not coaching. He may become pretty good at either of these —but Australian soccer isn't rich enough to replace him as a player, possibly the greatest and most universally respected in the country's history.

MOLITOR—NEW FRENCH HERO?

News from France
by ANDRE DUCLOS

THE realities of French football being what they are, we have to clutch at straws of comfort. Thus, after the sad defeat in Bucharest by Rumania, we had the consolation of . . . Marco Molitor.

Molitor, like Jean-Michel Larqué, played only the last 20 minutes, but they were enough to show that he still has all the potential, as a centre-forward, that he showed when scoring two goals against Belgium in Brussels on his debut in November, 1970.

Unfortunately he has spent this season—if not blushing unseen, then at least in the obscurity of the Division National, or zoned Second Division—with Racing Club de Strasbourg. Strasbourg have simply raced through a league in which they have no real business to be, Molitor combining formidably with another gifted and still better known player in Yugoslavia's Ivica Osim. By the time he played in Bucharest, Molitor had scored no fewer than 31 goals for Strasbourg.

Full-time professional

Georges Boulogne was so pleased with him that he immediately told him he wanted him for France's ambitious—over ambitious?—expedition to Brazil and the Tournament of alleged Independence. To this the mature young Molitor replied that he would have to see; his final examinations in physiotherapy were due then. "Follow us on," said Boulogne, only to be told that this would be impossible, unless Molitor's oral exam was put forward. It is a measure both of how highly Boulogne thinks of young Molitor, and of how serious Molitor is about his profession. Next season, however, when Strasbourg will be back again in the First Division—and the Division National will be zoned in two sections as the Second Division—he will again become a full-time professional.

As Molitor shrewdly points out, Strasbourg could scarcely survive another season in an inferior League. Visiting teams are due thirty per cent of the gate, which is fine for those which come to Strasbourg but depressing for Strasbourg when they play away, in front of infinitesimal crowds.

Notorious semi-final

The death of a much loved brother, and, in a minor key, a series if injuries have helped towards making Molitor the balanced, precocious young man that he is. His admiration for Osim is great; and he has reciprocated off the field by helping him considerably, suggesting, from his expert knowledge, exercises which will prolong the tall Yugoslav's career; a carreer often interrupted by injury, as after that notorious semi-final against England in Florence four years ago, in the European Nations Cup.

That Rumanian defeat was another blow to the prestige, another threat to the job, of George Boulogne, who has worked so hard with such uneven results to improve the French national team. He has always had his critics, not least those who allege that he makes the French team play in an un-French way, but even they should surely take note of André Gide's famous remark, when he asked to name the greatest French poet; "Victor Hugo, alas." Take away Georges Boulogne, and who is to do the job? As one leading critic pointed out. Boulogne has at least been at enormous pains to increase the morale, the family spirit, of the French national team. It may be true, as the same critic believes, that the initial moral impetus which Boulogne imparted seeps away day by day.

Boulogne has said himself that he is growing sick of all the pressures, and that if he were thinking only of himself, he would quite simply resign. "We know," he says, "where we stand. We know from our clubs and our national team that our place in Europe is about 15th. It must be said again that the best forwards in our football, the ones which score goals, are foreigners . . . I have tried to build a team from a group of players, which is the very essence of football. A national team can't be a hotch-potch of players. But our doors stay open to any new player who establishes himself, as Trésor has."

Indeed he has. I have had occasion before to mention this splendid black defender, essentially a centre-half, from Guadeloupe. With France, he is playing full-back, and having made a more than adequate debut, on his wrong foot, in the defeat of Budapest, he excelled himself at right-back in Bucharest, winning the admiration of the excellent little Rumanian left-winger, Iordanescu.

Public opinion, accuses Boulogne, continues to expect miracles. But progress is held up by the real value of French football. The national team has in fact, over the past three years, done better than the club sides. This was illogical and, sooner or later, it had to come down to the level of the clubs. It's an irritating, worrying situation, he pursues, but he cannot change it. "It's Joan of Arc whom they should put at the head of the French national team; but in any case, they'd still burn her."

Tremendous efforts

Bitter words, but surely well justified. The crisis in French football is, thinks Boulogne, merely an aspect of the crisis of French sport. "We do well when we have a lead over the others, as in ski-ing or judo where we are professionally organised before them. But once they catch us up with similar efforts, they overtake us . . . we shall only make up the leeway in football with tremendous efforts, whose nature we can only dimly discern."

Olympique Marseilles have comfortably headed the League, having plundered Saint Etienne, but who can be at all confident that they will do any better next season in the European Cup than they did this? A good win at Nimes ditched their closest pursuers, but it was followed immediately by a defeat away to their Nemesis, the young Saint Etienne side, which thus completed the double.

Bernard Bosquier, the captain of France who, with Carnus, so clamorously left Saint Etienne for Marseilles last year, now reveals that he would have stayed the rest of his career with Saint Etienne, had the President, Roger Rocher, not—allegedly and haughtily—brushed aside his requests for a job on the training staff when he retired. Bosquier has had a good season; but even with Skoblar, Marseilles are no super team.

ARTHUR ROTMIL looks at the English record in Europe

GOOD AT HOME BUT...

AMID the post mortems and the inevitable recriminations which followed Arsenal's exit from the European Cup, one statistically important aspect appears to have been overlooked by most medias. I certainly have not seen anywhere, or heard, a reference to the intriguing fact that Ajax' 1—0 success at Highbury was only the second win on English soil by a foreign team, in sixteen Champions Cup competitions, stretching back—in the case of English clubs—to the 1956-57 season! The only previous victory was achieved by CF Barcelona, who in the quarter-finals of the 1959-60 tournament defeated Wolves on their own ground at Molineux by 5—2. Of course, Celtic have also won at Leeds by 1—0 (semi-final, 1969-70), but they hardly qualify as foreigners!

This home record of English clubs, at the highest level of European football, is truly remarkable. Apart from the setbacks mentioned, only nine other teams managed a draw here, out of a total of 51 home games! This is the full home record of English clubs in the European Champions Cup:

P	W	D	L	F	A
51	39	9	3	154	37

In view of such figures it is quite astonishing to recall that so far only one English club has managed to win this most coveted trophy! And this triumph was achieved virtually at home, when in 1968 Manchester United defeated Benfica by 4—1, after extra time at Wembley.

Patriotic

Why then have English clubs, who are practically invincible at home, failed to win this trophy more than once? In fairness, there could be a variety of reasons put forward, some valid others perhaps offered merely as an excuse to soothe patriotic pride. In my view the main reason for this lack of success lies in the style of play, individually and collectively, which most English clubs and players are forced to adopt, because it is geared strictly to methodical, consistent performances so essential in winning the major domestic prizes. This trend has been particularly evident in recent years, when the acknowledged "strong-arm" teams have been scooping the principal home trophies.

But when these teams go "into Europe" —to quote one popular phrase—then they find their style and approach quite often a handicap. Most of them cannot adjust to local conditions, few manage to adapt to their opponents methods, usually so different from those encountered from the sober, workmanlike and solid, though stodgy teams in their own back yard. Is it a coincidence, that out of the 16 European Champions Cups, no fewer than 12 have been won by Latin teams? Or that out of the 16 runners-up 11 were from Latin countries?

Remember, that Latin sides like Real Madrid, Benfica, Inter and AC Milan were outstanding for their panache, creativity and adventurous soccer, based on the individual brilliance of their stars who had flair! This vital aspect of play is something which the serious professional English clubs have—with few exceptions—never really been able to cultivate. With this type of programme, which clubs in this country are faced every season, there is very little time left to produce outstandingly skilled ball-players.

First Division teams have to fulfil a programme of 42 League matches. Next, they could be involved in six FA Cup-ties and six League Cup fixtures. The most successful teams participate in various European tournaments, or the Texaco-Cup etc. The top players are required for internationals, Inter-League, Under-23 and other representative games. In addition, there are frequently Cup replays, since no other method of deciding ties has as yet been found acceptable in this country.

Dedication

In such a soccer marathon, it is not only impracticable to develop or even encourage unorthodox, instinctive footballers, it is well nigh impossible! But one important detail, which is often forgotten is simply this: Our players cannot go out and just copy the imaginative approach, or the artistry of the Latins simply because it is not a national characteristic. Learning the basics of the game, dedication, fitness, moral fibre and competitive spirit—yes! Flair—NO!

These observations are not merely confined to football, but are equally applicable to rugby, tennis, boxing and even cricket—in comparison with most other nations. The desire to "show-off", to express oneself to be cleverer than others, or to be flamboyant, these are already discouraged in most British educational establishments.

There are of course exceptions, when one thinks of gifted players like Matthews, Finney, Shackleton or now Rodney Marsh, but have for instance the talents of the last two named really received the recognition their skills have deserved? Whenever I watch games between English schoolboys I always wince when I hear their sportsmaster shout: "Get rid of it Jimmy", or "Get stuck in George". What chance have these budding soccer "artists" to develop their natural ability?

Neighbours

Strange as it may seem, however, the British crowds appear to enjoy "fancy" football. How else can one explain the phenomenon of Manchester for example: Since they collected the European Cup in 1968, Manchester United have won nothing and on the whole passed through a pretty dismal spell. But in the same period, their neighbours City, have triumphed in the Cup winners Cup and League Cup (both 1970), they won the FA Cup (1969) and became champions in 1968. But the average home League gates for the past three seasons show this, for Manchester City unflattering comparison: United—51,121, 50,005 and 44,754. City—34,525, 33,930 and 30,978, per game.

Even this season, with City challenging more decisively for the title, Manchester United boast on average roughly 10,000 fans more per match! And this has nothing to do with the capacity of their grounds, which are both in rebuilding stage and both hold about 54,000. United are also pulling in the largest crowds to their away games.

Johan Cruyff receives the European Footballer of the Year trophy, presented to him by the chief editor of France Football

Even if they are going through a bad patch, the fans still prefer to see Bobby Charlton, Denis Law and George Best who can be relied upon to provide the unexpected, the adventurous and the spectacular. Up and down the country, especially the club treasurers, look forward to a visit from Manchester United with joyous enthusiasm.

For all the euphoria which currently surrounds Leeds, there is also some evidence that this most consistently successful club in this country, is not getting the full support their football apparently deserves. Is it not laughable that a team, which in the past six years has won the championship once, been runners-up four times, won the Fairs Cup twice and the League Cup once, plus the FA Cup, has to engage a Public Relations expert to find ways and means of selling their "super-team" to the public!

Autographed

Leeds' players have been waving to the crowds, they turned out in track suits adorned with their names, performed a precision training routine and at the end of the game they have been throwing their numbered and autographed stocking tabs into the terraces as souvenirs! One must applaud their touch of gaiety, so badly needed in the oh, so serious attitude to soccer exercised at nearly all levels in this country.

And I sympathise wholeheartedly with their manager Don Revie when he says: "Our British players are not demonstrative enough, or simply too shy to perform like that before the crowd"—which only confirms what I said earlier about the stifling of individual expression from early childhood.

Where I cannot agree with his assessment of the team concerns the repeated comparisons with Real Madrid at their best—unless as I suspect, Mr. Revie is simply blowing the publicity trumpet, which apparently is necessary in Leeds, or they would not dream of embarrassing their players by asking them to perform —as one writer put it—"circus acts"! Leeds have assembled a very fine team —perhaps the best in England. But frankly, it is not enough to dress up to look like Real Madrid and to say: "We are as good as they were", when such claims cannot be substantiated, either by a direct meeting or—even more important—by results! Any team who plays like Real Madrid, wins six European Cups and appears twice more in finals, and also wins the world club championship. And, so far no team has won the European Cup six times, except . . . Real Madrid!

Unfortunately, it has become fashionable in this country to bandy around at the slightest opportunity phrases like: Player "X" is world class, player "B" is the best in Europe or at least the greatest in the world! Gordon Banks is still hailed as "the world's No. 1 goalkeeper". If that is so, then why has the Russian goalkeeper Yevgeni Rudakov (Dynamo Kiev) received six votes in the last *France Football* poll for the "European Footballer of the Year" trophy, whilst Banks was not rated at all? Ron Davies, for a long time now, just a modest centre forward, is described as "the greatest far post header of the ball in the world"! What next, I wonder: The greatest stopper of own goals? Or the finest goalscorer from a handstand position?

Well, if it helps Don Revie to sell his team to the public, who perhaps have either forgotten or never saw the likes of Di Stefano, Puskas, Gento Kopa, Del Sol or Santamaria etc., then good luck to him.

Perhaps one day a Continental manager will tell his public: "My team are now as good as Leeds United."

WORLD SOCCER covers the big events

In forthcoming issues . . . reports and pictures of

THE EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP FINALS
THE EUROPEAN CUP FINAL
THE EUROPEAN CUP WINNERS CUP FINAL
THE INDEPENCE CUP MATCHES FROM BRAZIL

The WORLD SOCCER team of reporters led by Roger Macdonald, Eric Batty and Leslie Vernon will be on hand at all these major events.

TOUGH TASK FOR IAN AT LEEDS ROAD

Huddersfield Town—back in the Second Division — must rebuild again

IAN GREAVES's eyes are still trained on the stars, though the experienced feet of this six-footer remain firmly fixed on the ground. It has always been that way since those first exciting days of professional slippers at Old Trafford, and I don't anticipate anything different even in a prevailing wind of change.

Hauled

Anyway, everybody was right behind that particular stance two years ago, when Huddersfield finally hauled themselves out of the Second Division to the unbounded delight of thousands of youngsters thinking of even better times ahead, and an equally large assembly of elders hopefully forecasting a return to the golden years which were sandwiched between the wars.

Very definitely, it was good to be alive along the Leeds Road at the birth of this decade with all the good folk of the West Riding gathering around Greaves with congratulations, back-slapping and hand-pumping.

Steven Smith of Huddersfield.

And why not? For Town had come in from the desert, and were lined up once more on the honours trail along which dear old Herbert Chapman guided them so well before taking a single ticket south to rebuild Arsenal.

No doubt about it, the famous blue-and-white stripes were looking very attractive again, just as they did in the '20s when, in a brief 10-year span, the Yorkshiremen won the league title thrice, were runners-up on two other occasions, and also made four Wembley appearances while earning the soubriquet of "The team of the century".

Averaged

The crowds were building up, too. For when they walked away with the Second Division championship in 1970, the attendance averaged nearly 18,000, which, though small compared with some other clubs, was a vast improvement on previous seasons.

Still more of the lost legions returned the next winter, boosting the match gate to nearly 25,000, and spreading happiness everywhere, even though neighbouring Leeds United had become a top-drawer attraction, and were tempting some of soccer's floating population.

Then the bubble burst. The team began spluttering like a worn-out engine. It slipped slowly down the chart and back into the lower division, and many of those who had earlier boarded the gravy train vanished into the thin air of the Pennines, leaving empty spaces in the stands and on the terraces.

Privilege

Now today the club is at the crossroads for the nth time. Greaves has lost a great deal of his popularity, and frankly admits that many of the people who cheered as he stood with Huddersfield's promotion-winning boys on the town hall steps two years ago would now probably like to hang him.

That's because none of them fancy having to watch second-class stuff again after having enjoyed the privilege of seeing all the stars in successive seasons. They are annoyed, and are making the manager their target.

Yet I can tell them that Greaves himself is as sorry as anyone about the lost status, and even though at 39 he rode the shock well, relegation came as a really tremendous blow to all his hopes and planning.

When I was up in Yorkshire, they accused the former Manchester United full-back of failing to buy himself out of trouble, forgetting that whereas Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester City, Arsenal, Derby, Everton, Spurs, Manchester United and a few others have the necessary cash for that type of operation, Huddersfield have to tread carefully in a buyers' market.

All of which goes to show that worries and pressures are not only the constant companion of such bosses as Don Revie, Malcolm Allison, Bill Shankly, Frank O'Farrell, Bertie Mee, Brian Clough and a few others, but also of every manager whose team is in trouble.

Payroll

Matt Busby had worrying periods when Greaves was on his payroll along with Harry Gregg, Nobby Stiles, Wilf McGuinness, Bobby Charlton, Albert Quixall, Dennis Viollet, Tommy Taylor and Roger Byrne. And Ian saw him come through.

Which is exactly what this likeable personality will also do, though he won't have the same amount of money available, nor the same fantastic support.

Greaves knows that relegation doesn't also spell the end of the world, but it means that he'll have to return to the starting line, rebuild and live with the pressures all over again, reminding me of the day when he said to Malcolm Allison: "If you think you've got pressures at the top, what do you think it's like at the bottom?"

Gregory Tesser interview with STEVE PERRYMAN

European education essential

ALTHOUGH aged only 19, Tottenham's Steve Perryman has already achieved a great deal in both domestic and European competitions. Perryman's breakthrough came during the 1970-71 season when his own brand of midfield skill and enterprise had much to do with his club lifting the Football League Cup for the first time. However, like so many young soccer starlets, the atmosphere and tensions of European cup football have basically taught him the real and often very ruthless facts of life of the big-time game.

"It is undoubtedly true that European competitive soccer teaches you a great deal," Perryman told me. "Firstly there are the different styles and tactical formations one regularly encounters on the Continent, and in my opinion it is imperative that a young player learns and learns quickly that our brand of tackling for example can so often be misinterpreted abroad."

Many British midfield players still find it extremely difficult to cope with packed continental defences which are particularly prevalent in Italy. In fact several pundits have maintained that this is why Celtic failed to overcome Inter Milan at Parkhead in the second leg of their European cup semi-final.

Overlapping technique

Yet Steve Perryman, although young in years, is convinced that the positive use of overlapping full-backs is the surest way to break down a massed defence.

"Personally I found that in our matches with both Torino and A.C. Milan the one thing that defencemen could not cope with was our frequent use of the overlapping technique.

"In fact I am sure this is why we defeated A.C. Milan—the Italians simply could not deal with the incisive runs of Cyril Knowles, whose use of the flanks allowed people like myself and Alan Mullery a great deal more room in which to manoeuvre."

Alan Mullery, now playing as well as ever, stated during a television interview after the second leg against Milan that in his opinion Spurs had never played better since he joined them.

I asked Perryman if he agreed with his captain's verdict: "Yes, I think Alan's summing-up was completely justified. After all when you think of the electric atmosphere we had to play in plus the extreme nervous tensions we had to endure then our performance must surely rank as one of Britain's most professional in Europe."

The San Siro Stadium is of course known throughout the footballing world for the fanaticism of its supporters. How was Steve affected by the unique San Siro atmosphere?

"Well I must admit I felt pretty scared and tied-up when we were driving to the stadium. In fact throughout our journey the Italian fans not only made a tremendous racket, but also spent much of their time banging on the windows of our coach.

"However, once I had settled into the match I soon stopped being nervous and in a way found the noise of 85,000 fanatics almost inspiring!"

Since Steve Perryman made his first-team debut for Spurs he has already played for the England Under-23 side, and must rank as an obvious contender for Sir Alf Ramsey's England squad. But is a full Engand cap his main ambition?

English professional

"Yes I think so. Obviously I hope Spurs' run of success continues, for let's face it two major finals in two seasons is a fine record in anyone's language. But I think my number one priority must be to play for England in the World Cup, which is surely the dream of any English professional."

At the time of writing Tottenham have not as yet played the second leg of the UEFA Cup Final against Wolves, although their fine 2-1 victory in the first leg at Molyneux has obviously made them favourites to win the trophy for the first time. I was interested to know if Perryman missed the glamour of continental opposition during the first leg: "Not really. After all the final of any European cup is a great occasion, and the fact that two English sides have reached this stage is without question a marvellous advertisement for our First Division."

Young Steve Perryman has basically only just begun his career in the hurly-burly world of professional soccer, yet he is already being spoken of as Britain's next number one super-star. He is certainly young enough and skilful enough to attract a large army of girl fans, but whether he does in fact reach the summit of international super-stardom only time itself will tell.

REAL MADRID WHERE ARE TH

PARIS! In the Parque de los Principes, June 13, 1956, Real Madrid beat Stade de Rheims in the first ever European Cup final. In Real Madrid's trophy room — surrounded by five others—stands that first historic cup, sentimentally the most valuable of them all.

The famous Real reached the final by beating Servette (Switzerland) 5-0, 2-0 . . . Partizan (Yugoslavia), 4-0 (on Christmas Day 1956) and 0-3, then Milan (Italy) 4-2 and 1-3. In the final Rheims led 2-0 after ten minutes, but by half-time Di Stefano and Rial had made it two all. Rheims went ahead soon after resumption . . . Marquitos equalised and Hector Rial scored the winning goal 11 minutes before full-time.

Those heroes made history, but how many remember them? Where are they now, 16 years later?

The defence? Juan ALONSO (goalkeeper) played in two more successful finals, and is now proprietor of a chain of luxury restaurants in Madrid . . . right-back Angel ATIENZA II is a brilliant and much sought-after artist, with a society clientele, and whose works have been hung in several notable art museums . . . and Rafael LESMES II (left-back) is now Madrid's chief scout. He was recently badly injured in a motor accident.

Honours

The middle-line was Miguel MUNOZ (right-half) who, after retiring in 1958, became the Club's team manager in 1960. During these last 12 years he has led Real Madrid to nine League championships, two European Cups, two Spanish Cups, one Inter-Continental Cup and countless other honours . . . centre-half MARQUITOS (Marius Alonso) now owns several shoe shops for children. Last season — at 40 — he obtained amateur registration and signed for a Third Division side . . . and left-half José ZARRAGA, who played in four more European Cup finals, is now general manager of First Division Malaga.

José Iglesias, known as JOSEITO (outside-right) appeared in the following year's winning team as inside-right, after Real signed Kopa. He became a manager with Celta, Tenerife, and Real Mallorca; took Granada into the 1st Division, moved to Valencia and then returned to Granada, this season's sensational giant-killers. Ramon MARSAL (inside-right) is now sales manager in a motor showroom in Calle Goya, Madrid.

All the world knows of Real's great genius DI STEFANO, who appeared in four more winning finals and won a museum full of other honours. He is now the most popular and successful manager Valencia ever had . . . and the highest paid. Hector RIAL (inside-left)—Gento says he was the brain behind Real's triumphs—gained three more European Cup winning medals and is now "Supremo" of Spain's Under-23, Amateur and Juvenile International sides.

Famous

Finally there's Francisco GENTO who lasted longer than them all. He'd been on the playing staff for 20 years until last season when he retired at 39. Gento played in all Real's six winning finals and, in all, 90 European Cup games. He is now the Club's Technico-at-Large . . . scouting, training fifteen-year-olds, substituting for Team Manager, Miguel Munoz and his assistant Luis Molowny, and, as strong rumour has it . . . is the future manager of Real Madrid, when Munoz retires or becomes a director.

Names famous all over the world.

Incidental note. The Football League ordered Chelsea (English Champions) not to enter this First European Cup (Who said the League's dictatorship was a recent trend?) The Scottish League were more intelligent. Hibernians, Britain's only representatives, were beaten in the semi-final 0-2 and 0-1 by Rheims.

CONTROVERSIAL French-born manager MARCEL DOMINGO, former Stade Francais goalkeeper, has just completed a four country European tour . . . France, Holland Italy and England.

The biggest point of interest was his opinion that Ajax should never have reached the European Cup final.

"I was interested and impressed by many things, but none more than the brilliant defensive play of England's Arsenal in Amsterdam against Ajax. Their covering and especially the dedication of their defence in the goal area was truly superb. It was the best I've ever seen, anywhere, in my whole life. I've obtained a film of that match for future use.

"As for the penalty that defeated the Arsenal it was utterly absurd. I forget who the referee was, but question whether he *was* a referee."

In France Domingo saw some brilliant players but is of the opinion that internationally France will never triumph or become dangerous because too many League sides rely on foreign players.

Marseilles, for example, have Skoblar, who reports say is being recalled by Yugoslavia for their World Cup squad and the wonderful Swede Magnuson. Nice depend on Erikson and the well-known Kantelbruner and Neimes have a stupendous Rumanian winger whos name I have, at the moment, forgotten.

Defensive

Italy? "In my modest opinion Italian football lacks lightness. They've forgotten it's a sport . . . it's far too defensive . . . and needs more boldness, assurance and adventurousness."

"Johann Cruyff . . . against Arsenal he played badly. He's a great player but in my opinion works far too much in the centre of the field, good though he is in that area. Transfer rumours? Last year he signed a seven-year contract with Ajax, and in view of what he is being paid the chances of him moving are absolutely nil. Certainly no Spanish club could afford him.

Franz Beckenbauer? "I doubt if he will ever leave Bayern Munich. His insurance business as well as his devotion to Bayern, keep him in Germany. In any case his first obligations are in Italy, agreements which are not generally known."

"My visit to England remained a secret . . . I paid my entrada and watched T.V. You see there was so

Names make news

1956 ... EY NOW?

much to learn, I could hardly accept extensive hospitality then steal their so glorious ideas."

"I learnt a lot during those weeks and wherever I train next season I shall partially change my methods because of the different ideas and systems of training seen in these countries."

UNDER the German legal code it is not an offence to offer inducements. Why then were the sentences under German FA Law so barbariously severe and in several cases unfair, in the recent Cologne bribery scandal?

A German *Bundesliga* official—on holiday in Spain — raised his eyebrows when asked this question and said: "What other action was there? We could hardly have remained host of the 1974 World FIFA Cup without putting our own house in order and making an example of this case. It received too much publicity to do anything else."

That could—at last—be the truth of what several football associations and countless followers of the game consider the vicious Nazi-like sentences.

The wave of sympathy has recently swept the Continent for international 'keeper MANFRED MANGLITZ. He was banned for life and fined £2,941 by the German FA, and his club, FC Cologne, not only immediately rescinded his contract but *recommended Manglitz's fellow players and friends to break relations with him.*

For what? Accepting bribes? . . . selling his side? . . . corruption? It's doubtful if any legal court in Europe would have found him guilty. So we are back again to the lack of civil rights for footballers.

"I received a big bonus to share among my colleagues for *winning* a match. This is the obligation of every footballer," Manfred told me on the telephone. "We played our best, did our duty and received the club's bonus for beating Rotsweiss Essen. Was that a bribe as well?

"The Federation either had their own reasons for inspiring so much publicity and imposing such a severe and unjust sentence, or they viewed the charges as a whole and ignored individual mitigating circumstances. I believe the Disciplinary Committee made a mistake in not realising the great difference between receiving a bonus for winning and accepting a bribe for deliberately allowing your side to lose, such as a defender giving away a penalty or a goalkeeper deliberately letting in a goal.

"Your suggestion certainly puts a new light on the whole affair."

Manager

Manfred Manglitz is still a tremendous favourite with the Cologne public and is daily seen around town in his Sports Mercedes. He has turned down several offers to sign for foreign clubs and has accepted an appointment as sales manager of a Cologne sports goods establishment.

There is no doubt that to many Manglitz acted unethically, but of all those accused he did nothing serious enough to warrant being permanently deprived of his livelihood.

This very same "custom" happens in half-a-dozen countries. I could quote scores of similar cases — i.e., clubs paying players of other clubs incentives to win. (See WORLD SOCCER, June, 1971, page 41, column 1.)

It's easy! Clubs are publicly horrified when they read of their supporters clubs paying players of other clubs whose victories will help the aspirations of their own club. The give away is . . . where do the supporters clubs get such large sums of money?

As for the German case . . . my guess is that 31-year-old Manfred Manglitz will be back (if he wants), reprieved—in 1974-75, *after the World FIFA Cup.*

THE name of Paraguayan manager, HERIBERTO HERRERA, has recently been linked with teams in France, Spain and Holland. Now the wave of rumours are over. He has re-signed for Italy's Sampdoria . . . whom he joined at the beginning of the present season.

Johan Cruyff—disputing a decision with a referee during a Dutch league game.

'Wave of sympathy for banned Manglitz'

The new contract will assure H.H.II's—no relation to the irrepressible Helenio — tenth year in Italy. He won two titles (League and Cup) during his five years with Juventus (this was during Inter-Milan's golden era) . . . then moved to Inter for three seasons before becoming a victim of Inter-Milan's President-Players Revolt in 1969-70.

The "Iron Sergeant's" first move after signing his new contract was to talk to Luis Suarez around whom he has built a new and promising Sampdoria. H.H.II wants Luis to continue for just one more season to enable the results of his team building to materialise.

Heriberto thinks Suarez will agree especially after his sensational recall — at 38 years of age — to Spain's International side against Greece. Kubala, when he shocked two nations by naming Suarez for the match in Athens, said: "I need him to blend my talented youngsters no matter what his age."

H.H.II says the same thing, adding: "Luis understands the blending of young players more than anyone else in the world."

by NORMAN CUTLER

No shortage of goals as Celtic hit six

THE date May 6, 1972, will live forever in Scottish soccer history. It was on this day that Jock Stein and his men for all seasons went to Hampden to play Hibs in the Scottish Cup Final . . . and took the trophy with a display of dazzling brilliance that has been unmatched at this ground for years.

Celtic defeated the stunned and helpless Easter Road men by five clear goals in a 6—1 win, but the record books will never be able to capture the scintillating soccer show by the Parkhead team as they lifted their 22nd Scottish Cup.

It was a frightening performance by a Celtic side who refused to be pinned down by the overworked Hibs defence. Striker Dixie Deans had his finest game since joining Celtic last season from Motherwell and completely demoralised Hibs with a splendid hat-trick. All three goals were superb.

THE FIRST, Celtic's second, came when the score stood at 1—1. Jimmy Johnstone was pulled down about 30 yards out on the right wing and midfield master Bobby Murdoch strode up to take the kick. He sent over a delightful curling ball and as the Hibs defence hesitated in rushed Dixie to time his leap to perfection and get up above right-back John Brownlie before nodding the ball expertly away from the stranded Jim Herriot.

THE SECOND came in the 55th minute to make the score 3—1 and it is a goal that will be talked about for years . . . it was certainly one of Scotland's top goals of the year. Murdoch started the move with a brilliant through ball that caught Brownlie in two minds and Dixie at once flashed on to the ball.

Herriot came out to get one hand to the ball, but Deans swerved past him dragging the ball to the bye-line. Hampden was hushed for it looked as if Deans had over-ran his chance, but he again got the ball under control, beat a desperate challenge from Brownlie, took it round Herriot before stroking it past left-back Eric Scheadler on the goal-line. Hampden erupted as Dixie did a somersault of joy!

THE THIRD arrived in 74 minutes to finish the game as a contest and put Celtic 4—1 ahead. It was a masterpiece of simplicity with the Hibs defence again totally baffled and bemused at the speed of the move. Tommy Callaghan collected the ball inside his own half after robbing former Parkhead favourite Bertie Auld.

Callaghan didn't even look up before sweeping an inch-perfect through ball downfield and there was Deans again in the open space with oceans of room in which to move. He raced into the penalty box, drew Herriot, held off a tackle from Scheadler and whipped the ball low into the far corner of the net. Watching Deans in this sort of form it is extremely difficult to understand that

ALEX GORDON on the Scottish Scene

Jock Stein got him from Motherwell for a mere £20,000. In this day and age of the inflated transfer fee it is nothing short of daylight robbery!

Don't forget also that it was an inspired performance by Dixie in the semi-final against Kilmarnock that helped get the Parkhead men into the Final. Celtic beat the Rugby Park side 3—1 with Deans netting two goals, his second rivalling even his second goal against Hibs. Wizard of the dribble Jimmy Johnstone set it up for him with a superb run down the right wing and when his final pass arrived Dixie did a full about-turn before thundering an unstoppable shot into the net from 16 yards.

Yet even this season of glory for Deans has been touched by sadness. I don't think I will ever forget the dejected Dixie Deans walking off Parkhead with tears in his eyes after missing the penalty-kick that sent Celtic hurtling out of the European Cup at the semi-final stage against Inter Milan. But he has more than made up for that lapse. In fact he has scored just under 30 goals for Celtic since his transfer AND THAT AVERAGES MORE THAN A GOAL A GAME IN THE FIRST TEAM!

What does Dixie think about his explosive impact with Celtic? Modestly he says: "Anyone could score goals in this outfit. With players such as Bobby Murdoch, Tommy Callaghan and Jimmy Johnstone beside you making sure you get plenty of the ball it is difficult NOT to score.

"I may have got the headlines in our Cup victory, but I can assure you it is a team effort here at Parkhead. Everyone works for each other and this is the foundation for our success. Manager Jock Stein makes sure there are no slackers. It has got to be 100 per cent effort or you are out. It is as simple as that."

Celtic's other goals in the six-goal stunner against Hibs were scored by skipper Billy McNeill and Lou Macari, who got two. McNeill, playing in his NINTH Final, put his side on the glory trail wth a goal inside three minutes. Again the Hibs defence were caught out from a cross ball as keeper Herriot elected to stay on his goal-line and McNeill was unguarded at the far post to hit a right foot shot into the corner of the net.

Macari's two goals came in the last 10 minutes and both were in the true Lou Macari mould. The first was a half-chance that he hit on the drop leaving Herriot helpless and the second was from two yards after Hibs had failed to cut out a cross from George Connelly on the left wing.

Hibs' solitary moment of joy came in the 12th minute when the Celtic defence got caught in a panic from a fine cross by left-winger Arthur Duncan and striker Alan Gordon was there to force the ball over the line. Hibs never showed the flashes of genius or the goal power that marked their march to the Final.

They had several creditable wins in the early rounds, one of the finest being a 2—0 victory over League Cup holders Partick Thistle at Firhill. Thistle can be one of the most determined teams in the country when they have something to fight for and at that stage of the season the only thing left for them was the Cup. However, Hibs turned in a magnificent 90 minutes and triumphed 2—0.

Dixie Deans (nearest camera) scoring his second goal for Celtic in the Scottish Cup Final against Hibs.

They followed this by defeating Airdrie 2—0 at Easter Road and then beat Aberdeen 2—0 in the quarter-finals. So Hibs reached Hampden for the semi-final against Rangers without losing ONE goal. They drew the first game 1—1, but in the replay they cruised to a 2—0 win that had the Ibrox men breathless.

Skipper Pat Stanton was confident that his team-mates were good enough to defeat Celtic and bring the Cup back to Easter Road after an absence of 70 years. Instead his side were hit by a tidal wave of green-and-white attacks as Celtic ran up the biggest Scottish Cup Final score since Renton beat Cambuslang in 1888—the year Celtic were founded!

Deans' Cup Final hat-trick was the first for 68 years and the last man to do that was another Parkhead striker—Jimmy Quinn against Rangers when he scored all Celtic's goals in a 3—2 win over Rangers.

Emigrate

Celtic's triumph, however, was a sad occasion for one Parkhead player. Jim Craig, the cultured right-back who won a European Cup medal in 1967, has decided to emigrate and the Cup Final was his last match for Celtic. Craig, 29, is going to South Africa on business reasons and will be playing part-time with Hellenic. Jock Stein didn't step in Craig's way when the right-back told the Celtic boss of his intentions and Stein paid the player this tribute: "Jim Craig has been a good player for us since signing up at Parkhead in 1965 and he has done a lot to bring on the youngsters.

"He is a sensible lad and has never given us any trouble at all. He goes to South Africa with our best wishes and I'm truly glad that he got such a great first team farewell with our win over Hibs."

MIAMI GO LATIN . . .

THE Miami Gatos, their proposal of limiting the number of non-Americans in each North American Soccer League team to six defeated by the league owners, have done the next best thing and gone after the ethnic support in signing players for the new franchise.

Miami reasoned that the only way to get more Americans interested in the game was to use more American players but also use Europeans and South Americans to help maintain a certain level. This idea having been rejected on the grounds that most teams had already made prior commitments to players, Miami was then forced to sign South American players in order to keep up to the standard of the rest of the league.

With the southern US city having an ethnic population largely from South and Central America, the Gatos signings for the NASL season, which was due to start on April 29, have reflected the team's ties with that part of the world.

To date the Gatos have obtained Paulo Roberto Dias a goalkeeper from Brazil, two Ecuadorian international defenders in Luciano Macias and Vicente Lecaro, Willie Fleming a defender from Peru and forwards Eletelba da Silva (Diogo) from Brazil and Nelson Brizuela from Paraguay.

Five players from the old Washington Darts have also been signed. Defenders Willie Evans and Frank Donlavey, mid-field player Billy Fraser and forwards Leroy De Leon and Warren Archibauld. In addition to this the club obtained Alan Maca from Brockport State University and he is the only American signed so far.

The New York Cosmos, who will be playing their home games on the Astro-Turf at Hofstra University this season, have also been active in trying to strengthen last year's successful team. They have signed the Brazilian star Cinesinho from Lanerossi Vicenza, Helenio Herrera Jr. who was on loan from Roma to Real Madrid plus Czech international Josef Jelinek, who played for his country in the 1962 World Cup Final.

Up in Canada the Toronto Metros have signed a number of last season's players including Brian Talbot who is on loan from Ipswich Town, Brian Rowan who played for Watford this season, and Ian McHattie, last season's leading goalscorer. Joao da Costa, who was one of the outstanding defenders in the NASL last season, has now been obtained outright from Uniao Tomar of the Portuguese Second Division.

Metros major new signing to date is Argentinian Miguel Perrichon, who has been on the books of the Portuguese club Boa Vista recently, but who also played for Sporting Braga in the European Cup Winners' Cup in 1967. Perrichon is a forward and coach Graham Leggat hopes that he will solve the goal-scoring problem the team had last season.

How the rumours fly

CHARLTON MANAGE B

WE are never short of sensations at this time of the year when prestige, titles and relegation are at stake . . . even though a lot is caused by rumours that have not the slightest foundation.

Don Felix Oma, president of Atletico Bilbao, flew to Manchester to sign Bobby Charlton as manager for next season! Franz Beckenbauer has suddenly found his father was born in Spain and is therefore eligible to play in Spain!

You can laugh your head off at such nonsense. But some of the more serious allegations are perfectly true and are so incredible that they make the "Cologne Affaire" look like a Sunday school handout.

The most disconcerting thing to me is that while these rumours are openly published, they are never specifically denied by the clubs in spite of the bad reputation it gives them. Sometimes an announcement like "It's laughable" (*it may be*) or an unnamed spokesman says: "We wouldn't stoop to such behaviour" (*many no doubt don't*). But why never a categorical denial by a responsible and named official?

The only man who hits back is Santiago Bernabeu. Recently Real went to Valencia and won 2-1 by a disputed goal. Next day the Valencia press went mad. "The referee was bought. The result was fixed. Real play without Pirri because he wasn't necessary with the referee on their side."

Bernabeu, after slamming the press, said: "Ask Valencia manager Alfredo di Stefano how many matches and referees were bought during the 11 years he was with Real." Di Stefano made no comment, he knew there was no justification for the hysteria.

Allegations

The blame for these frequent outbursts and the annual "Exchange and Mart" is the federation. They do nothing about the allegations and simply sit quiet and say nothing. They know that some of the rumours are created in the imaginations of the sensational journalists . . . but surely it is the job of the ruling body to protect the good name and integrity of the game it controls? Their silence on a number one priority is having a disastrous effect on Spanish football in foreign countries.

The German FA were quick to investigate the Cologne Affair . . . even if in some cases their verdicts were unreasonable. Why doesn't the Spanish Federation take similar steps and set up a Commission of Investigation of members completely unconnected with football or football clubs?

I wonder why? Or do I?

Ferenc Puskas doesn't usually talk without thinking, but his recent World Cup comments in Madrid are bold, to say the least, especially so far ahead. He says: "Spain can't score goals and will not pass the first stage . . . Greece will win Group 7 (against Spain and Yugoslavia) . . . West Germany, Italy, Russia and England (the last three can't score goals) will reach the semi-finals . . . and West Germany will win the cup."

Don't tell me the World Cup's been fixed and Ferenc has a stake in it.

Rejected

Remember my story about Jose Pesudo, Valencia's goalkeeper whom Real Madrid signed . . . then rejected next day because their doctors found a so-called shoulder injury? That "injury" was proved to be a slight deformity (all officially recorded) which Jose had had since birth: it hadn't prevented him playing in over a hundred league games for Valencia and Barcelona and several Internationals for Spain.

Pesudo retired last season . . . demoralised and broken by Real's unapologetic attitude.

Now there's a happy sequel. Hungarian Ferenc Szusza, desperate for a 'keeper to save Betis from relegation, heard the Pesudo story . . . and asked him to sign for the Sevillian club. Pesudo hesitated and said: "Give me seven days' training with the team then review your offer." Szusza's view was unchanged.

The foresight of manager Szusza and the brilliance of Jose Pesudo transformed Betis and saved the First Division status.

Spain's "Amateur" XI, beaten 0-2 by Poland in the Olympic Games eliminating round, lost more than the match.

When they returned to the dressing-room, happy at having defied Poland's "We'll win 10-0" boast, every player

An essential part of your football kit . . .

World Soccer

the international magazine

PLACE A SUBSCRIPTION NOW

Subscriptions Manager, WORLD SOCCER, 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, please enter a 12 months' subscription commencing with issue dated..... enclosed herewith £2.70 (inclusive post UK/Europe) (USA $10) —other countries on application.

NAME:.....

ADDRESS: .....

.....

ir Spain. For example:

WILL LBAO!

From NORMAN CUTLER

found all his personal belongings had been stolen . . . money, wallets, lighters, pens . . . the lot.

The Polish Federation were extremely upset and immediately called the police to open a full-scale investigation. But who was the clot who allowed the Spanish players to leave their valuables lying around anyway?

THESE NAMES —— LATEST!

Marcel Domingo has signed to manage Malaga next season. He'll get £12,000 signing fee, £250 a month salary, double bonuses . . . plus £6,000 extra if they qualify for Europe.

HH II DID persuade Luis Suarez to continue with Sampdoria another season. Luis confirmed this on his way to Coruna for a few days' holiday.

Don Pablo Porta, vice-president of the Spanish FA and president of the National Juvenile Committee, has won his battle for more money . . . to rebuild Spanish football from juvenile level. The federation had voted 300 million pesetas (that's a lot of money in Spain) for acquiring land and building grounds for juvenile football.

The vice-president, who has little time for the "open the doors to foreigners" element, is utterly devoted to youth. He believes that only by physical and technical training from the age of 12 will Spain's football reach world standard.

Suggestion

This move is sound and shows intelligent thinking (it's not new, but far more money is needed. "Where can we get it?" asks Don Pablo. I gave him several suggestions. Why not a special juvenile football cut from the pools? Or a compulsory 1 per cent or more tax on all First Division and Second Division gates? What about a percentage from those Klondyke summer tournaments? (Various towns organise tournaments for publicity and use local and foreign teams to make fortunes.) Football itself doesn't get a cent. Why can't Spanish TV help, they get enough football facilities for next to nothing.

I even suggested he comes to some arrangement for the showing of Georgie Best's TV series in Spain. (His newspaper strip is in dozens of papers.) It could easily be dubbed . . . although I'd love to hear a Spaniard trying to imitate George's Irish brogue.

It wouldn't be surprising to see Real Madrid without two great favourites next season. The 33-year-old Amancio, star of Real since they paid Coruna £60,000 and four players for him in 1962, may be retiring. His contract ends this year. He's in and out of the international side and a continual target for the cloggers. He's still a great player, but is a little tired and fed up with living in Real's infirmary half the week.

He may be relieved from playing responsibilities but is unlikely to leave the club. Real rarely dispense with old and faithful servants unless they want to go.

The other possible departure is 33-year-old Zoco, who took over the captaincy from Gento this season. Eleven years with Real, ten with hardly missing a match. Ignacio is almost unknown outside Spain. He's the quiet type and shuns and intensely dislikes personal publicity.

A brilliant defensive half-back, capped in 26 internationals, he has been Real's greatest bargain. They paid Osasuna only £18,000 for him in 1961. He's repaid that fee 50 times. It was Zoco who forced Chelsea to a replay with a last-second goal—his first of the season—in last season's Cup Winners Cup in Athens.

Reinforcements are still necessary at Real, so maybe the contracts of these two great stars will be extended to help develop several other teenagers Miguel Munoz has in mind to sign.

Selected

Who said the Hungary-Spain encounter in January wasn't a full international? Four Barcelona players selected for the squad (Gallego, Costar, Reina and Rexach) soon found it was. They arrived in Madrid from their club's game in Cordoba two hours after the official reporting time. Kubala immediately fined them £60 each.

They also received a letter from the "Supremo" a week later congratulating them on their comportment and performances against the Hungarians.

This is unusual enough for Ripley's "Believe it or not". In a Spanish Third Division match a player made a particularly vicious foul on an opponent. His captain immediately ordered him off, almost before the referee had blown his whistle. What do the rule experts say about that?

Praise for WORLD SOCCER

Don Santiago Bernabeu, President of Real Madrid, was recently presented with one of the City of Madrid's most coveted civic awards.

During his speech of acceptance at the Hotel Wellington, before Government Ministers and a large assembly of civic and sporting personalities, Don Santi specifically praised WORLD SOCCER.

"Talking of Real Madrid's world fame, he said: "The readers of the English magazine WORLD SOCCER, whose comments about our club have always been incredibly fair, are forever writing to the club and players for photographs. This alone shows how firmly the light is on the club."

A look at recent events in

IT is impossible to fully appreciate the feeling of disappointment—perhaps bitter disappointment—that must have overcome Don Revie as he watched the 1971-72 Football League Championship slip away from Leeds United. A 2—1 defeat at Wolverhampton, and Liverpool's 0—0 draw at Arsenal, left Derby County on top of the table with 58 points.

Once again Leeds found themselves in the position of runners-up; a solitary point adrift. If only they had been awarded what was a blatant penalty for hand ball, if only Billy Bremner's last-minute effort had not been cleared off the line, if only . . .

Liverpool, too, can claim that they would have scooped the title but for a last minute goal being disallowed for offside. Bill Shankly was convinced the goal should have stood; few without Scouse accents agreed with him.

Much as I admire the way Liverpool fought their way back into contention with a magnificent late burst, no one can convince me that Leeds and not Derby County are the best team in the country. Hypothetical arguments could rage all summer as to whether Leeds would have beaten Wolves had they been given a little more time after winning the FA Cup Final . . . but to expect any team to play their most crucial League match only 50 hours after an exhausting Cup Final is nothing short of ridiculous.

The fact that Arsenal had to overcome similar fixture congestion on their way to the 'double' last season is irrelevant. It was wrong for Arsenal, and it was wrong for Leeds.

Winning at Wembley undoubtedly boosted the spirit of the Leeds players and put them in the right frame of mind for further triumph at Molineux but 48 hours was no time at all for players like Allan Clarke, Eddie Gray and Johnny Giles to sufficiently recover from various injuries.

There is no team in England with a record to compare with that set up by Leeds United since their promotion to the first division in 1964. They have yet to finish out of the top four; five times runners-up (including the last three seasons) and champions once.

Those who argue against Leeds, saying that their achievements aren't all that hot because there isn't a great deal of silverware in the boardroom, are talking nonsense. Poor teams win titles just as great ones sometimes fail to win all they deserve.

Nobody suggested that Real Madrid weren't the best team in Spain between 1956 and 1961 when they reigned supreme over Europe. But during that immortal era Real occasionally failed to pot the Spanish title and rarely excelled in the Spanish Cup; admittedly a relatively minor competition.

Ken Rosewall was one of the world's greatest tennis players, yet he never won the Wimbledon title. By the same token Leeds cannot be dismissed because in each of the past three seasons they have only (!) managed to finish second in the toughest league competition in the world.

I don't go along with Don Revie when he makes comparisons between Leeds and the great Real Madrid side. Yet, I am by no means convinced that the Leeds of today wouldn't have been a dominating force in Europe in the late fifties. Nor would I have expected that Real side to win the English title year after year under the sort of conditions that prevail today.

Football has changed dramatically during the last 15 years. If Alfredo di Stefano—the inspiration and tactician behind so many Real successes—had been born ten years later he might have found it difficult to reach the same heights. In 1956 he was allowed to play; would the same be true in the current ultra-professional era?

At least Leeds can look back over last season with the satisfaction of knowing they earned a great many new friends and admirers. I talked with some soccer fanatics south of London soon after the Wolverhampton result was known. "Leeds? Great side, great players. They bloody deserved it."

Bobby Moore tackles Sigi Held . . . and West Germany are awarded a penalty.

MIS FOR

ENGLAND's dismal performa against West Germany, both Wembley and in Berlin, came as no surprise. It is difficult to remem when England last played well. A t that struggled against Switzerland Greece, and didn't do particularly even against Malta, was not likely seriously trouble a fine West Ger team.

England's record, on paper, over past few seasons looks impressive, in reality it is not. Victories over w countries such as Malta, Greece, W and Northern Ireland tend to give a f impression. But, even when beating th teams, England have struggled to prod either goals or stimulating football.

West Germany deserved their vict at Wembley, although 3-1 was a li flattering. But in all departments of game they were much superior. T had no need to adopt an ultra-defens policy because England's efforts to sc goals these days are woefully poor stereotyped. Beckenbauer did as pleased. Netzer took complete control the midfield regions and Germany of attacked with a force of five spr across the whole width of the Wemb pitch.

England, as usual, had three cent strikers and nobody, save for Em Hughes, operating the flanks. Chiv

A delighted Norman Hunter (6) a Leeds United a 1-0 victory ov

England with PHILIP RISING

SERY R ALF

and Lee made no impression and Hurst, who at least worked harder than his colleagues, was unlucky to be replaced by Rodney Marsh, who wasn't even considered good enough for Sir Alf's original squad.

Given the freedom of the park, Netzer had a marvellous game; and with Moore out of position at the heart of the English defence, he caused all sorts of problems.

The usual cry for fresh faces was raised by the English public and press after the first leg, but new blood alone won't solve any of the problems. Why is it that Chivers and Lee, the best two strikers over 42 league matches last season, don't produce their club form in an England shirt? Chivers is not a worker like Hurst; his job is to score goals and, given the right sort of service, he does just that. England, as a team, simply don't provide either Chivers or Lee with the bullets to fire.

It is about time Sir Alf Ramsey changed some of his ideas. He says that he doesn't use wingers because there are none to be had. One could argue with that. When asked, after the Berlin leg, why he used only two men up front, he allegedly replied: "Where am I to find the forwards." I trust Malcolm Macdonald and Mick Channon were out of earshot.

ALTHOUGH the League Championship escaped Leeds United, the FA Cup did not. Leeds won the trophy for the first time in their history after beating Arsenal in the centenary Cup Final. It wasn't a particularly memorable match, but an exhibition of open, attacking football was hardly likely.

Leeds deserved to win, there can be no question about that, and Arsenal played badly. Not surprisingly, the match was fought out largely in mid-field. Billy Bremner and Johnny Giles, although not at their best, fared better than the Arsenal trio but it was up front that the real difference in the two sides was obvious.

I thought Bertie Mee might have substituted Ray Kennedy for Charlie George—my choice as the most over-rated player in the country—instead of John Radford. Arsenal's achievements last season were largely due to the combined striking power of Kennedy and Radford, who dovetail splendidly. George has rarely worked effectively with either and Radford, especially, appears to miss the sort of support Kennedy provided.

Strikers generally work better as a pair. Witness Allan Clarke and Mick Jones; Martin Chivers and Alan Gilzean; John Richards and Derek Dougan; John O'Hare and Kevin Hector, to name but a few. George's contribution at Wembley, save for having his name taken, was trivial.

I honestly fail to see why some people rate him so highly: his goalscoring record—leaving aside a few well-taken penalties—is nothing to shout about; his workrate, I think, remains suspect; and although he possesses a fine, powerful shot with either foot, he doesn't seem able—or, perhaps, willing—to fully utilise this talent.

I thought Alan Ball played well, but his contribution might have proved much more conclusive had Radford, George and Armstrong (who hardly showed at all) provided some positive running. Radford and Kennedy might at least have put Jackie Charlton and Norman Hunter under pressure. As it was, Charlton never put a foot wrong and there's was always strong support from Hunter, Paul Reaney and the immaculate Paul Madeley.

Allan Clarke, although I disagreed with his selection as 'Man of the Match', illustrated what intelligent, creative running is all about. He was easy to find by the Leeds players and always looked dangerous once he had the ball. Eddie Gray and Peter Lorimer were somewhat subdued, but Jones worked hard and set up the goal for Clarke; a magnificent header.

Norman Hunter was my man of the match. He was, as ever, tremendous in defence, not just in helping to contain the Arsenal front runners but also in getting in alongside Giles and Bremner in midfield to win possession. Hunter's skill has often been overlooked in the past because of his reputation as a 'hard man'. Some of his tackles still make me cringe but I think he has mellowed over the past couple of years.

I doubt whether, during the course of a season, he commits more fouls than the average defender and if Alf Ramsey is looking for a mid-field 'destroyer' why not give the job to Hunter? With Roy McFarland back in the England team at centre half, and Moore resuming his favourite role, Hunter could—and should— be retained in the side.

Hunter's display tended to overshadow that of Peter Simpson and Frank McLintock at the heart of the Arsenal defence. Simpson had a grand match and must have felt a little 'let-down' by some of his colleagues.

I suppose, in years to come, the most vivid memory of the 1972 FA Cup Final will be Mick Jones's painful journey up the steps to the Royal Box to meet the Queen after dislocating an elbow in the dying seconds of the match. It was an emotional sight.

knowledges the Allan Clarke goal that gave r Arsenal in the centenary FA Cup Final.

Leeds United centre forward Mick Jones in the Wembley dressing room.

BAYERN MISS THE 'TREBLE'

Three successive hammer blows shatter hopes for a unique triumph

APRIL was a disastrous month for Germany's top team, Bayern Munich. In the chase for the elusive "treble" — Bundesliga championship, DFB Cup and the Cup Winners Cup— the Bavarians suffered three successive hammer blows which would have crushed the morale of lesser teams into oblivion. The necessity to play tough, competitive matches at least twice a week, plus the demands of the national side using six of their stars, have proved too much physically and mentally.

First Bayern fell at the quarter-final hurdle of the German Cup, despite holding a seemingly comfortable 3-0 lead from the first leg over Cologne. In the return, however, Bayern were deprived of their injured national goalkeeper, Sepp Maier, whilst his deputy, Seifert, suffered a couple of broken ribs and had to be replaced during the match by the totally inexperienced third choice amateur Schwalb.

Performance

Without detracting from Cologne's fine performance, these were clearly the major factors behind Bayern's staggering 1-5 defeat at the Müngersdorfer stadium. In addition, the game was at times quite brutal. Bayern's winger Sühnholz sustained a broken leg, while Krauthausen had his jaw smashed, apparently by a blow delivered by an unnamed opponent after the match!

Exactly a week later, the Munich side crashed out of the Cup Winners Cup in the semi-final against Glasgow Rangers. A goal in the first minute of the match, which goalkeeper Maier might have saved, upset Bayern and contributed to their 0-2 defeat and ultimate elimination against a team they had beaten twice in previous European encounters (Cup Final 1967 and Fairs Cup 1970-71). But worse was to follow, as they slumped in the championship by 0-3 at Duisburg and were caught at the top by their chief rivals Schalke.

Disgusted

Maier, who was again blamed for a goal or two, was so disgusted that he threatens to leave the club at the end of the season! In these circumstances it was quite astounding to see the six Bayern men—Maier, Beckenbauer, Schwarzenbeck, Breitner, Hoeness and Müller—perform to well in the national team's 3-1 victory over England at Wembley.

Federal manager Helmut Schön did a remarkable job in raising the morale of this backbone of his side, especially as he has had to deal with such vulnerable youngsters as the two 20-year-olds, Paul Breitner and Uli Hoeness. The latter is, incidentally, still an amateur, who has promised the DFB to retain his status until after the Olympic Games in Munich next August. At least the internal difficulties over new contracts have been resolved and it now appears that all Bayern stars will remain with the club for the next three years.

West German Newsletter
ARTHUR ROTMIL

New rules governing the entire transfer system in West German football have finally been confirmed by the DFB. As from next season, the transfer list will be open all the year round. Up till now, German players could only change clubs in the period between May 1 and June 30. Now they will be able to move any time between August and December 31, though only one move per season will be allowed. Transfers concluded after that date will not become valid until July 1.

In addition, the DFB decided to abolish the maximum wage and bonuses structure, so that in future clubs and players will be free to negotiate their own terms of contract. But the proposal to abolish the limits on transfer fees has been rejected. The limit stays at 100,000 D Marks (£11,750), but higher transfer fees can be arranged with the approval of the DFB.

Another interesting innovation has been the allowance to sign any number of players from other Common Market countries. But, in accordance with the regulations applicable to the EEC, only two foreign players can appear at any time in a team. These rules will be in operation as from May 1.

The decision to finally expel Arminia Bielefeld from the Bundesliga, because of their admitted participation in the bribery scandals, was confirmed, though following the club's appeal Arminia will be relegated not, as at first sentenced, into the Amateur League of Westphalia, but down into the Regional League West.

To prevent the club from regaining the Bundesliga status too quickly, their punishment also includes a deduction of 10 points from the accumulated total of points next season! This is the logical result of their despicable machinations last year, when Arminia's board paid out £45,000 to "buy" the results of four matches to help Arminia escape relegation.

Relegation

Next, Rotweiss Oberhausen have also been expelled pending an appeal. But it now seems certain that they, too, will "bite the dust". In this event, there will be no normal relegation this season. Clearly this decision has demoted the remaining programme of clubs facing the dreaded drop to one of purely academic interest. One can only sympathise with those clubs who were not involved in any of these intrigues, but who are now experiencing a financial loss through apathy and lack of incentive from the fans.

The biggest losses concern Hertha Berlin, whose 14 players admitted dividing between them the sum of 250,000 DM (£29,400) for "throwing" the match against Arminia Bielefeld. Now the Hertha board of directors are trying desperately to complete their fixtures with a team of reserves and juniors!

Slovan Bratislava slump... Spartak make comeback

REIGNING Czechoslovakian champions Slovan Bratislava appeared to have the championship sewn up in the autumn but in the last seven matches they have dropped points against poorly placed clubs and allowed Anton Malatinsky and his rejuvenated Spartak Trnava to make up a six-point leeway and move into top place on goal average.

With a fine run, Trnava have beaten Dukla 2-0; drawn 2-2 (after leading twice) away to Slovan and beaten Lokomotive Kosice 3-0 and Ostrava (away) 2-1. Slovan meanwhile got hammered 0-3 at Trencin and worst of all crashed 0-3 at Kosice against lowly Lokomotive, who had pulled in only 580 spectators for their previous home match against Trencin!

Most of Slovan's trouble seems to stem from what was their strength not long ago—the goalscoring talents of left-winger Jan Capkovic.

He got two in the 6-0 win for the national team against Luxembourg but though still the leading scorer in Division I with 15 goals he hasn't hit one for his club for weeks.

This is where Trnava have the pull for the unpredictable Josef Adamec is still their top scorer with 12 but two others, Kuna and their new, young outside-right, have each hit 10 precious league goals.

Countless

AC Sparta Praha, still the most popular club in the country although out of the championship race, have made peace with their countless supporters. Before a crowd of 22,641 they beat their old enemy Slavia by 2-1, gaining revenge for that autumn defeat (by the same score), though Slavia led 1-0 at the break in the second match at Letna.

Bohumil Vesely.

Sparta have also reached the semi-final of the cup (the final of the Czech Cup). Czechs and Slovaks each have their own final and their own trophy and then the winners play off for the real "final".

In Bohemia, Sparta reached the final by beating Pardubice 2-1 and meet Dukla, winners over Division II Jablonec by 2-0—while the Slovak final will be between the big two Slovan Bratislava and Spartak Trnava.

They pulled in a 36,800 crowd for their recent drawn league match and will doubtless play to near-capacity crowds in the two-legged Slovak final.

RAPID CHOOSE NEW MANAGER

SC RAPID have finally settled on a new manager — or so it seems for the moment. With their recent record no one can be sure for the next ten minutes that they won't engage a new manager or appoint a "Technical Director" over his head.

The new man in the hot seat is Czech coach Ernst Hlozek who is, in fact, a Slovak, and was until a fortnight before he joined Rapid the manager of First Vienna. In March First Vienna beat Rapid 2-1 and it seems in all innocence that Hlozek simply resigned from Vienna and was then approached by Rapid.

In any event he made a good start for in the first game under his control Rapid took on big rivals FK Austria in the semi-final of the OFB Pokal, and switching Danish international centre-forward Bjorn Bjerregaard from midfield, where a succession of managers have played him recently, the Dane scored four and Rapid triumphed 6-2.

In the other semi-final Austria Salzburg took on Wiener Sportklub who have languished in the bottom half of the table all this season. Their manager is Erich Hof who twice helped WSK win the championship when he was their star centre-forward in the fifties, and he had three former WSK players in his Salzburg.

The match went to extra time (1-1) and Sportklub won their place in the final with two more goals and a 3-1 victory.

In the championship, FC Tirol "Swarowski" Innsbruck have gone six matches without a win and finally been toppled from first place by VOEST Linz. VOEST recently hammered Ernst Oewirk's new club Admira-Energie-Wacker 5-0 (after a goal-less first half) and they are now two points clear of the Innsbruck club . . . with a game in hand!

"Swarowski" meanwhile have lost their Technical Director, former National team boss Edi Fruhwirth, who couldn't get along with committees and the club's Yugoslav coach Lubi Baric.

While VOEST were beating Admira, Rapid had the comparatively easy task of taking two points from lowly Eisenstadt (which they did 2-0) and FK Austria joined them and "Swarowski" two points behind the leaders on the second peg, after drawing 1-1 at home to Salzburg.

SAO PAULO PROGRESS

by ERIC WEIL

THE first serious incidents of this year's Libertadores Cup Tournament happened at the Olimpia (Paraguay) v. Atletico Mineiro (Brazil) game played at Asunción. Olimpia's equaliser, to make it 2-2, started incidents among the players and after 75 minutes play the Chilean referee, Lorenzo Cantillana, sent off four Brazilians (Rolando, Dario, Oldair and Lola) and one Paraguayan (Versa). As Mineiro's Humberto Ramos had previously left the field injured, the Brazilian team was left with only six players and, according to the rules of the tournament, could not go on playing, the match being later awarded to Olimpia.

Even without this set-back, the Brazilian champions would have finished at the bottom of their group. They disappointed in their first participation in the competition. Obviously a team with potential, they lacked international experience. They failed to win a game and of their four draws, two came against Brazilian rivals, San Paulo.

Although strong candidates in the tournament, San Paulo's entry into the semi-finals, as group winners, hung in the balance until the end. San Paulo and Olimpia were level on points before meeting in the last game on the latter's field at Asunción. San Paulo just squeezed through with a 1-0 win.

Final Group 3 Placings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
San Paulo (Brazil)	6	3	2	1	12	6	8
Olimpia (Paraguay)	6	2	2	2	7	8	6
Cerro Porteño (Paraguay)	6	2	2	2	7	11	6
At. Mineiro (Brazil)	6	–	4	2	5	6	4

GROUP ONE (Argentina-Colombia)

It all hinged on the meeting of Argentine teams, Independiente and Rosario Central in the end and the former's 2-0 win put them into the semi-finals. The Colombian teams were, if not soundly, at least well beaten.

The vital Independiente-Central encounter was fairly even, but Independiente were the better tacticians and also had the man of the match in Pastoriza. The "Red Devils", as they are nicknamed, are very conscious of their own limitations in attack and they knew how to wait for their chances, while Rosario, who were also in the position of having to win this game, were more impetuous and left loop-holes in defence.

Independiente's attack couldn't make the best of this, but half Pastoriza did it with two well taken goals.

The Colombian teams put up poor performances and were lucky to get off so lightly on several occasions. The reason—both Argentine teams were poor in attack and failed to take their chances. Even so, Independiente finished as top scorers in the first round with 13 goals in six games.

Final Group One Placings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Independiente (Argentina)	6	4	2	–	13	5	10
Rosario Central (Argentina)	6	3	2	1	8	5	8
Independ. Santa Fe (Col.)	6	1	2	3	4	9	4
Nacional Medellin (Colom.)	6	–	2	4	2	9	2

GROUP TWO (Ecuador-Bolivia)

Barcelona, the Ecuador champions, who won Group Two comfortably, play above the general soccer standard in their country. They are coached by Brazilian, Otto Vieira, and line up foreign stars such as Peruvian International forward, Perico León, Brazilians Jose Paez and Nelson Texeira, Uruguayan defender, Luis Saldivia and Argentine goalkeeper, Hector Moyano.

But we mustn't forget home-grown forward, Alberto Spencer, the man who has scored most goals in this tournament (over 50) during his long stay with Peñarol (Uruguay). Now back home, he is still putting them in the net for Barcelona.

Final Group Two Placings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Barcelona (Ecuador)	6	3	3	–	8	3	9
America de Quito (Ecu'dor)	6	3	1	2	9	7	7
Oriente Petrolero (Bolivia)	6	2	2	2	10	7	6
Deportivo Chaco (Bolivia)	6	1	–	5	5	13	2

GROUP FOUR (Peru-Chile)

Experience told in the end and the Peruvian champions, Universitario, who can line up an almost complete Peruvian national team and have played in this tournament often, finished top.

At the same time, Union San Felipe, the Chilean champions, who are newcomers to the "Libertadores" Cup—and indeed new to honours as they won the Chilean championship for the first time last season in their first year after gaining promotion—petered out after a bright start and finished bottom.

Final Group Four Placings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Universitario (Peru)	6	3	2	1	9	6	8
Universidad de Chile	6	3	–	3	12	12	6
Alianza Lima (Peru)	6	2	2	2	10	10	6
Union San Felipe (Chile)	6	1	2	3	5	8	4

● continued on page 40

SOUTH AMERICAN CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

First Round

Group One

March 9

INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) (2) 2 (Pastoriza 2)
ROSARIO CENTRAL (Argentina) 0

Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Lopez, Garisto, Pavoni, Semenewicz, Pastoriza, Raimondo, Balbuena, Bulla, Mircoli.
Rosario Central: Menotti, Gonzalez, Pascutini, Fanesi, Killer, Colman, Aimar, Landucci, Bóveda, Poy, Gramajo.

March 10

NACIONAL MEDELLIN (Colombia) 0
INDEPENDIENTE-SANTA DE de Bogotá (Colombia) (1) 1 (Canon)

March 21

INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) (2) 2 (Pavoni, Mircoli)
INDEPENDIENTE SANTA FE (Colombia) 0

Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Lopez, Sá, Pavoni, Raimondo, Pastoriza, Semenewicz, Balbuena, Bulla, Mircoli.
Indep. Santa Fe: Ovejero, Vazquez, Basilico, Rodriguez, Aguirre, Moraes, Gonzalez, Garcia, Cañon, Campaz, Cruz.

ROSARIO CENTRAL (Argentina) (1) 3 (Bóveda, Landucci, Aimar)
NACIONAL MEDELLIN (Colombia) (0) 1 (Hurtado)

Rosario Central: Biasutto, Bustos (Solari), Pascutini, Fanesi, Killer, Aimar, Landucci, Colman, Bóveda, Poy (Zavagno), Fogel.
Nacional: Navarro, Moncada, Calica, Campaz, Ortiz (Lastra), Alvarez, Ramirez, Fernandez, Santa, Piñero, Tamayo (Hurtado).

March 23

INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) (0) 2 (Ortiz o.g., Pastoriza)
NACIONAL MEDELLIN (Colombia) 0

Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Lopez, Sá, Pavoni, Raimondo (Moreyra), Pastoriza, Semenewicz, Balbuena, Megón (Bulla), Mircoli.
Nacional: Navarro, Moncada, Calica, Campaz, Ortiz, Gomez, Alvarez, Ramirez, Santa, Piñero, Hurtado.

ROSARIO CENTRAL (Argentina) (1) 2 (Colman 2)
INDEPENDIENTE SANTA FE (Colombia) 0

Rosario Central: Biasutto, Bustos, Pascuttini, Fanesi, Killer, Aimar, Landucci, Colman, Bóveda, Poy, Fogel.
Indep. Santa Fe: Sancovic, Vazquez, Basilico, Rodriguez, Aguirre, Moraes, Gonzalez, Garcia, Cañon, Campaz, Cruz.

Group Two

March 12

DEPORTIVO CHACO (Bolivia) 1
BARCELONA (Ecuador) 2

ORIENTE PETROLERO (Bolivia) 4
AMERICA (Ecuador) 2

March 15

ORIENTE PETROLERO (Bolivia) 0
BARCELONA (Ecuador) 0

Navarro (Nacional, Colombia) turns a shot from Balbuena (Independiente, Argentina) for a corner during a Libertadores Cup match.

DEPORTIVO CHACO (Bolivia) 1
AMERICA (Ecuador) 2

March 23

BARCELONA (Ecuador) 3
DEPORTIVO CHACO (Bolivia) 0

AMERICA (Ecuador) (1) 3
ORIENTE PETROLERO (Bolivia) 0

March 26

AMERICA (Ecuador) (0) 1 (Marin)
DEPORTIVO CHACO (Bolivia) 0
America: Fernandez, Perez, Paez, Valencia (M. Aguirre), Lasso, Echeverria, Cevallos, C. Aguirre, Cabalero, Marin, Ruiz.
Dep. Chaco: Zaya Mora, Hurtado, Modesto, Lindo, Chavez, Mendez, M. Flores, Matoso, Pereda, Mesa, Santillán.

BARCELONA (Ecuador) 1
ORIENTE PETROLERO (Bolivia) 1

Group Three

March 9

SAN PAULO (Brazil) 0
ATLETICO MINEIRO (Brazil) 0
San Paulo: Sergio, Forlan, Samuel, Arlindo, Gilberto, Carlos Alberto, Rocha, Paulo, Terto, Toninho I, Toninho II (Ze Carlos).
At. Mineiro: Mazurkiewicz, Ze Maria, Grapete, Vantair, Oldair, Vanderlei, Humberto Ramos (Beto), Ronaldo, Diario, Lao, Romeu (Tiao).

OLIMPIA (Paraguay) (1) 3 (Verza, Jimenez, Diarte)
CERRO PORTENO (Paraguay) (1) 1 (Arrúa)
Olimpia: Benitez, Molinas, Bobadilla, Sosa, Benitez, Correa, Pavón, Verza, Godoy, Diarte, Jimenez.
Cerro Porteño: Villanueva, Enciso, Ortiz, Riveros, Lird, J. Riveros, Jara, Talavera, Escobar, Arrúa, Bereto.

March 16

OLIMPIA (Paraguay) (1) 2 (Sosa, Verza)
AT. MINEIRO (Brazil) (2) 2 (Ronaldo, Dario)
(Olimpia won points as Mineiro were left with only six men on field.)
Olimpia: Benitez, Molinas, Bobadilla, Sosa, Villalba, Pavón, Correa, Verza, Godoy, Diarte, Jimenez.
Mineiro: Mazurkiewicz, Ze Maria, Grapette, Vantair, Oldair, Vanderlei, Humberto Ramos, Ronaldo, Dario, Lola, Romeu.

March 20

CERRO PORTENO (Paraguay) 1
ATLETICO MINEIRO (Brazil) 0
Cerro Porteño: Gamarra, Rodriguez, Enciso, F. Riveros, Saguier, J. Riveros, Lird, Escobar, Marin, Arrúa, Bareiro.
At. Mineiro: Mazurkiewicz, Ze Maria, Normendez, Vantair, Claudio, Vanderley, Humberto Ramos, Guara, Beto, Romeo, Tiao.

March 24

CERRO PORTENO (Paraguay) (3) 3
SAN PAULO (Brazil) (0) 2 (Toninho 2)

March 26
(Group Play-off)

OLIMPIA (Paraguay) 0
SAN PAULO (Brazil) (1) 1 (Ze Carlos)
Olimpia: Benitez, Molinas, Bobadilla, Villalba, N. Benitez, Sosa, Godoy, Correa, Diarte, Sandoval (Cabrera), Jimenez.
San Paulo: Sergio, Forlan, Samuel, Arlindo, Gilberto, Carlos, Alberto, Rocha, Toninho, Paulo (Terto), Ze Carlos.

Group Four

March 8

UNIVERSIDAD DE CHILE 1
UNIVERSITARIO (Peru) 0

March 12

SAN FELIPE (Chile) (0) 1 (J. Ramirez)
UNIVERSITARIO (Peru) (2) 3 (Bailetti 2, Rojas)
San Felipe: Olivares, Alarcon, Ballavigna, Castillo, Olmos, Ramirez, Diaz, Graligna, Carvallo, Jojas, Nuñez.
Universitario: Ballesteros, Soria, Cueller, Carbonell, Luna, Techera, Cruzado, Castañeda, Ramirez, Rojas, Bailetti.

March 15

UNIVERSITARIO (Peru) 2
ALIANZA LIMA (Peru) 2

March 16

UNIVERSIDAD DE CHILE 2
SAN FELIPE (Chile) 1

March 19

ALIANZA LIMA (Peru) (0) 1 (Cubillas)
SAN FELIPE (Chile) 0
Alianza: Ponce, Palacios, Castillo, Velasquez, Risco, Gonzalez, Zegarra, Baylon, Reano (Martinez), Cubillas, Sierra.
San Felipe: Olivares, Alarcón, Torres, Castillo, Olmos, Gaete, Diez (Briones), Nuñez (Rojas), Villarroel, Graligna, Henriquez.

March 25

ALIANZA LIMA (Peru) (0) 3 (Zegarra, J. Rivero, Cubillas)
UNIVERSIDAD DE CHILE (2) 4 (Spedaletti, Las Heras 2, Sarnari)
Alianza: Ponce, Palacios (Mayorga), Castillo, Velazquez, Risco, Gonzalez, Zegarra, Baylon, Rivero, Cubillas, Sierra (Martinez).
Universidad: Nell, Rodriguez, Muñoz, Bigorra, Peralta, Las Heras, Aranguiz, Sosias, Sarnari, Spedaletti, Barrera.

March 26

UNIVERSIDAD (Peru) 2
UNIVERSIDAD DE CHILE 1

Group Five

March 12

PENAROL (Uruguay) 5
DEPORTIVO ITALIA (Venezuela) 1

March 17

PENAROL (Uruguay) (2) 4 (Acuña, Quevedo 2, Viera)
VALENCIA (Venezuela) (0) 1 (Petronilo)

MAGDEBURG LEAD

IN the second half of the East Germany league campaign 1st FC Magdeburg have maintained the top place in the table as they did for most of the autumn series. But with only two matches remaining they are still closely challenged by BFC Dynamo, last season's beaten cup finalists.

While Dynamo hammered Wismut Aue 5-1 in Berlin, Magdeburg scraped home with a penalty from the division's leading Marksman, Abraham (13 goals).

Hat-trick

Dynamos Dresden, Cup and League double winners last term were still in with another double chance and on the same day they kept up their hopes with a fine 4-2 win over Stahl Riesa —fighting to avoid the drop and leading 2-1 at one stage.

Then Hans-Jurgen Dorner chipped in with a hat-trick to sew the game up.

Their hopes were dimmed the following week when they were held to 0-0 away from home by another relegation threatened club, Vorwarts Stralsund, who are bottom of the table, fighting hard but looking like certainties for a quick return to the regional Second Division.

Favourites

Magdeburg won 3-0 at Rostock and Dynamo Berlin beat Lokomotive Leipzig 4-1 (Lokomotive were 7-1 winners the previous weekend) and with two games left the Double Holders trail by six points.

But they are favourites to retain the cup they won last season after eliminating Vorwarts Frankfurt (formerly Vorwarts Berlin) 3-1 and Sachsenring Zwickau 5-2 before a 20,000 crowd in the semi-final.

Zwickau had put the league leaders Magdeburg out in the previous round and in the second half were only trailing 2-3 at one stage.

Big crowd

In the other half of the draw bottom of the table 1st FC Karl-marxstadt beat Dynamo Berlin 1-0 in the quarter-finals but then went down by "the minimum" 0-1 against FC Carl Zeiss, Jena for whom Peter Ducke got the vital goal in the second half.

The stage is set for a big crowd in Leipzig to see the Carl Zeiss-Dynamo Dresden final with the former having appeared in three finals (and won once) while Dynamo have won the trophy on both their previous appearances in the final.

Kiev get Cup KO

AFTER another long, hard winter in Russia, the football season got under way again with the early stages of the FA Cup—the cup of the Soviet Army—being staged on a two-legged basis in the warmer regions.

Dynamo Moscow, finalists in the current European Cup Winners' Cup, got through to the last 16 and then ran out of goals. Failing to score in two legs against CSKA (1970 champions) they were eliminated and went on to make a run of six matches all told without scoring.

Deadlock

Dynamo Kiev, the reigning champions, also got themselves eliminated—going down to ASK Rostov on penalty kicks after winning 1-0, losing 0-1 and failing to break the deadlock in extra time.

The rules ordered penalties, and even then after the first series of five each it was a draw at 4-4, but on the second round the Rostov Army marksmen won 5-4.

Kiev also got off to a disastrous start in the league championship, going down 0-3 away to Zaria Voroschilovgrad. Zaria made a very good impression last season wandering amongst the top places —second at one stage—and finally finishing fourth.

They got off to an excellent start, following up their win over the champions with a 3-1 victory over Spartak.

Their inside-forward Eliseev got one against Dynamo and two more in the win over Spartak and if he played for a more fashionable club he would doubtless be in the running for caps.

Revenge

In the second round of league games, Dynamo Kiev took revenge over Rostov for putting them out of the Cup—two goals from Bycheweez not meeting with any response and they then pulled in a 75,000 crowd for their first home game against newly-promoted Dnepr of Dnepropetrovsk.

Among their players are two men worth noting—Porkujan, who played in the 1966 World Cup and has since spent four years in the wilderness of the Russian Second Division, and a young striker called Liabik who was a Dnepr product but joined Dynamo Kiev for two years and returned last season, tired of reserve team football, to play a big part in the club's promotion.

Vladimir Olenik of Ararat.

The Dutch scene.....by JOHN SPARROW

Action from a Dutch league game between Volendam and FC Utrecht. Left to right: Henriksen, Pronk (U), Smit (V), Hildebrand (U), Ferreira (V) and Adriaanse (U). Volendam won 3-1.

Ajax consider their position

THE battle hymn of a rejected cause—"Ajax wins the World Cup"—has been bellowing out from the loudspeakers of the Amsterdammers' stadium all season. A strange theme when they had refused point blank to play Nacional Montevideo for last year's World Cup Championship.

But then we now learn the cause is not so much rejected as postponed . . . until such time as the South Americans come up with a footballing championship side rather than one more adept at back street fighting. Ajax do want to play for the World Cup so long as the team is not put at risk.

With the European Cup final with Inter Milan a month or so away, trainer Stefan Kovacs let it be known: "If we beat the Italians we'll consider South America." And, he added, "The way things are going in the Copa Libertadores it's to be expected that the Brazilian side Sao Paulo will take it. Against a club of that standard Ajax would probably not mind playing." (Which is a guarded version of something else he said recently—"We'll play almost anybody except Nacional.")

Compulsory

Ajax President, Jaap van Praag, revealed he had made a deal with UEFA President, Gustav Wiederkehr. "I promised that if we won the European Cup I would not refuse point blank on the world cup," he said. His escape clause ran as last year: "Playing the South American games is not compulsory for the European Cup winner. The rules don't say we have to play them."

It depends on several factors, Mr. van Praag explained, not least of which was who the opponent would be. "Then we would have to talk it over with the players and medical staff." One thing he was sure about, however: "If we had played Nacional we wouldn't have got so far this season in our fight on three fronts."

The fight on the three fronts—the Dutch league, the Dutch cup, and the European Cup. With a 1—2 win over Telstar on April 30 they put the league beyond doubt, then standing seven points clear of second place Feyenoord.

And how they've won this championship. Unbeaten except for the odd goal in five defeat away to Go Ahead Eagles, they roared towards the close by destroying '70-'71 champs Feyenoord by 1—5 in the Rotterdam Kuip. Jimmy Hagan, English trainer of Benfica who went out to Ajax in the ensuing second leg of the European Cup semi-final, must have trembled in his boots as he watched the pure majesty of the performance. As he left he said: "I expected it. Ajax were five times better than Feyenoord."

Obstruct

On May 11 Ajax were due to meet FC Den Haag in the Dutch cup final. May 31 Inter Milan. Venue for both games—the Feyenoord stadium where the Rotterdammers lost the final chance to save something from their sad season and for the first time in years were given the bird.

Feyenoord's Willem van Hanegem has rowed yet again with the club—and, it seems, once too often. Manager Guus Brox has said they will do nothing to obstruct the midfield star joining another club. Asking price is around £200,000 and Ajax, Olympique Marseilles and Anderlecht are thought to be interested.

The whole Rotterdam scene is a boiling pot with the club searching the international football market for players to put the edge back on Feyenoord. Already they have Peter Ressel from Belgium's Lierse SK, were anxious to sign Gerd Muller and are currently watching Krivics, the Lierse SK central defender. With a whole Lierse deputation in Rotterdam recently something is happening and Krivics would indeed be a replacement for Laseroms in whom several Belgium clubs are interested.

Battling

Sad to report, Den Haag trainer Vaclav Jezek has to return to Czechoslovakia before July 1. The Czech authorities will not extend his visa ending hopes which have been riding high. Den Haag have been battling to keep him since December and chairman Choufoer has revealed they even sought help from the Dutch Foreign Ministry.

So optimistic were the club towards the end that prior to the Czech decision Jezek had signed a further two year contract. A further blow for Den Haag was sacked PSV trainer, Kurt Linder, signing for Olympique Marseilles. Linder had almost reached agreement with Den Haag and manager Eddie Hartman commented: "We counted on Linder coming to us. He has been through the lot as a trainer and took PSV far in the European cup games. The man is a professional and we would have liked him."

And now? "We're still looking," said Hartman.

SPONSORS COUNT IN RUMANIA

Post-war survey --- by ERIC BATTY

THE Italian game has been dominated for years by the big clubs in the industrial cities of Milano and Torino and so too in Rumania have the giants had things pretty much their own way. In Italy the big clubs have gained their superiority through the financial support—and ability to pull strings at high levels—if their millionaire Presidents (Chairmen in English speaking countries) and the Rumanians who strangely enough have a strong "Italian" link in that their language is almost pure Latin, have developed a situation in their football where the real power in the game is held by the Ministries and State Organisations that have sponsored the big First Division clubs.

Variety of winners

A glance at the list of clubs which have won the league championship most times reveals that apart from ASC Vebus (a pre-war club); Steaua, Dinamo Bucharest and U.T. Arad have been the most successful. Indeed, although the full list of post-war champions shows a variety of winners . . . if one uses the former names of these clubs, publishing the list with an up-dated naming reveales that apart from the three clubs mentioned, only Petrolul Ploesti have managed to "steel" the title away from this trio since the game was resumed in 1946.

Names matter little, though as elsewhere in Eastern Europe some clubs have been known by two or three different names in the last 25 years. What really counts is the power and influence behind the scenes.

Thus we find that the first post-war champions were I. T. Arad (Industriale Textile Arad) who retained the title again in 1947-48. Two years later when the season was switched to a spring-autumn basis, Flamura Rosie were the champions and in 1954 they repeated the feat. Flamura Rosie was U.T. Arad's name at the time and before they won the championship again in 1968-69 they had taken their present name Unizale Textile Arad. Their strength lies of course in their huge membership and the financial power given them by the 5,000 employees working in the textile factories around Arad.

Powerful throughout

The other two giants in the post-war Rumanian game are both based in the capital, Bucharesti-Dinamo Bucharest and Steaua. The Dinamo club has remained powerful throughout the period, retaining their name and always at the top or in at the "kill" when the top honours are decided and they are the sports club of the Ministry of the Interior.

Reigning champions, they currently provide the backbone of the national team with players like Mircea Lucescu captain and left winger in the national team, and the popular idol of the moment Florea "Mops" Dumitrache, their international centre-forward who played a major part in steering Rumania through to the final stages of the 1970 World Cup and made quite a name for himself in Mexico.

RUMANIA

		P	W	D	L	Goals F.A.	P
1946–47	U.T. Arad	26	20	4	2	94.35	44
1947–48	U.T. Arad	30	22	6	2	129.31	50
1948–49	I.C. Oradea	26	16	5	5	60.36	37
1950	U.T. Arad	22	11	6	5	43.27	28
1951	Steaua	22	13	6	3	43.19	32
1952	Steaua	22	15	6	1	46.16	36
1953	Steaua	21	11	6	4	27.14	28
1954	U.T. Arad	26	15	6	6	37.29	35
1955	Dinamo Bucharest	24	15	7	2	42.19	37
1956	Steaua	24	15	3	6	64.28	33
1957–58	Petrolul Ploesti	22	12	3	7	36.22	27
1958–59	Petrolul Ploesti	22	15	1	6	47.23	31
1959–60	Steaua	22	15	4	3	52.25	34
1960–61	Steaua	26	17	3	6	61.36	37
1961–62	Dinamo Bucharest	26	14	8	4	62.35	36
1962–63	Dinamo Bucharest	27	14	9	4	46.25	37
1963–64	Dinamo Bucharest	26	18	4	4	65.25	40
1964–65	Dinamo Bucharest	26	17	4	5	56.22	38
1965–66	Petrolul Ploesti	26	16	6	4	47.24	38
1966–67	Rapid Bucharest	26	13	8	5	39.21	34
1967–68	Steaua	26	14	7	5	45.26	35
1968–69	U.T. Arad	30	17	4	9	50.27	38
1969–70	U.T. Arad	30	18	3	9	54.42	39
1970–71	Dinamo Bucharest	30	13	10	7	49.31	36

F.A. CUP FINALS

No Competition

U.T. Arad	3	C.F.R. Timisoara	2
Steaua	2	C.S.U. Cluj	1
Steaua	3	U.T. Arad	1
Steaua	3	Flacara Medias	1
Steaua	2	Flacara Ploesti	0
U.T. Arad	1	Steaua	0
Metalul Resita	2	Dinamo Bucharest	0
Steaua	6	Progresul Oradea	3
Progresul Oradea	2	Metalul Turzii	0
Stiinta Timiscara	1	Progresul Bucharest	0
Dinamo Bucharest	4	C.S.M. Baia Mare	0
Progresul Bucharest	2	Dinamo Obor Buc	0
Ariesul Turda	2	Rapid Bucharest	1
Steaua	5	Rapid Bucharest	1
Petrolul Ploesti	6	Siderurgistul Galati	1
Dinamo Bucharest	5	Steaua	3
Stiinta Cluj	2	Dinamo Pitesti	1
Steaua	4	U.T. Arad	0
Steaua	6	Foresta Falticeni	0
Dinamo Bucharest	3	Rapid Bucharest	1
Steaua	2	Dinamo Bucharest	1
Steaua	2	Dinamo Bucharest	1
Steaua	3	Dinamo Bucharest	2

Rumanian international Dan Coe.

Steaue (it means star) are the team of the Rumanian Army, the equivalent of Dukla (Czechoslovakia) CSKA (Bulgaria) ZSKA (Moscow) and Legia (Poland) and not at all surprisingly the most successful club in the Rumanian post-war game. In 1951, 1952 and 1953 Steaua won the championship three times in a row though known at the time as C.C.A. Bucharest. They were still known as C.C.A. when they won the title in 1960-61 and in fact since they changed their name to Steaua they have been champions only once . . . in 1967-68.

Goalscoring peak

In the early 'sixties when centre-forward Gheorge Constantin was at his goal-scoring peak C.C.A. dominated everything including the national team, and their superiority has only been seriously challenged by U.T. Arad and neighbouring Bucharest clubs . . . Dinamo and Rapid who are the team of the Railway Workers Union. The FA Cup winners figures bring this out with greater clarity than words can indicate for in 23 seasons of Cup competition in the post-war period, Steaua (often disguised as C.C.A.) have carried off the Cup 11 times.

Dumitrache of Rumania.

Right now they are the most feared Cup-fighting team in the land, having won the Cup five times in the last six seasons and underlining the overall strength of the game in Bucharest . . . the team that broke what could have been a six-year run was Dinamo whom they have beaten (always by the odd goal) in the last three finals!

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SUCCESSES

A.S.C. Venus Bucharest	8
Steaua	7
Dinamo Bucharest	6
U.T. Arad	6
C.S. Chinezul Timisoara	6
F.C. Ripensia Timisoara	4
Petrolul Ploesti	3
F.C. Olimpia Bucharest	2
C.R. Colentina Buch.	2
F.C. United Ploesti	1
Romana-Ameri. Buch.	1
F.C. Prahova Ploesti	1
C.S. Coltea Brasov	1
F.C. Juventus Buch.	1
S.S.U.D. Resita	1
Unirea Tricolor Buch.	1
I.C.O. Oradea	1
Rapid Bucharest	1

F.A. CUP VICTORIES

Steaua	11
Rapid Bucharest	7
Dinamo Bucharest	3
Ripensia Timisoara	2
U.T. Arad	2
Stiinta Cluj	1
Petrolul Ploesti	1
Ariesul Turda	1
Progresul Bucharest	1
Stiinta Timisoara	1
Progresul Oradea	1
Metalul Resita	1
C.F.R. Severin	1

TOP GOALSCORER

Bonyhadi (U.T. Arad)	26	Constantin (Steaua)	22
Bonyhadi (U.T. Arad)	49	Constantin (Steaua)	24
Vaczi (I.C. Oradea)	21	Ionescu (R. Bucharest)	20
Radulescu (R. Bucharest)	18	Fratila (Din. Bucharest)	19
Vaczi (I.C. Oradea)	22	Pavlovici (Steaua)	19
Ozon (Dinamo Bucharest)	17	Adam (Universitatea Cluj)	18
Ozon (Dinamo Bucharest)	13	Ionescu (R. Bucharest)	24
Ene (A.) (Din. Bucharest)	20	Oblemenco (Uni. Craiova)	17
Ciosescu (S. Timisoara)	18	Adam (Universitatea Cluj)	15
Alexandrescu (Steaua)	18	Dumitrache (D. Bucharest)	22
Ciosescu (S. Timisoara)	21	Oblemenco (Uni. Craiova)	19
Ene (G.) (R. Bucharest)	18	Tataru (Steaua)	15
Constantin (Steaua)	20	Dumitrache (D. Bucharest)	15
		Moldoveanu (Pol. Jassi)	15

BETTER DA
FOR BIRMI

BETTER days seem to lie ahead for the city of Birmingham; but how much better? Aston Villa, whose spell in the Third Division has been, in traditional terms, that of a giant among pygmies, has girded its loins, spent large quantities of money, revitalised its moth eaten infrastructure, and fought its way back into the Second Division; from which its rivals, Birmingham City, have, with equally high expenditure, been fighting to emerge. The First Division is the natural home of Aston Villa, even if the last of their last six Championships was won as long ago as 1910. Their support is extraordinary; there were 48,000 to watch their somewhat fortuitous Third Division victory against their close challengers, Bournemouth, and even more to see them beat Santos, soon, afterwards, in a friendly game.

Birmingham City, however, have matched them in the size of their support and it is quite obvious that England's second city has room for two

major clubs; three, if you count West Bromwich Albion, which lies just outside the city limits, as a Birmingham team. Birmingham City's achievement in reaching the semi-final, even if Leeds United did hammer them out of view, was no small one. Of all the clubs struggling to get out of the Second Division this season, they were the only one which seemed to have the potential to remain a First Division club; though let it be pointed out that, unlike Villa, they have never won the Championship or the FA Cup.

By an odd and interesting coincidence, both young managers of the two Birmingham clubs cut their teeth—as managers—in the United States. When I first met Freddie Goodwin, in 1967, he was trying hard, as manager of the outlawed New York Generals club, to build a decent team out of a weird amalgam of fat and lazy, if talented, South Americans, and mediocre English players.

Ambitious

He had previously been manager of Scunthorpe United, whence he had brought several of his players, including a little Sheffield born forward called Micky Ash. I still remember Ash lamenting to me, "I hadn't been getting any passes from the Argentinians, till I realised I was calling Mas, Plas, and Plas, Mas." There were a couple of young West Indians in the team, too; one of whom, a winger called Warren Archibald, has stayed on for several years, playing for various other clubs.

Vic Crowe went out to the States, originally as a player, to join the highly ambitious Atlanta Chiefs, under the managership of Phil Woosnam. For a while, it really seemed as if football might take root in the unlikely state of Georgia. When Woosnam left to take over an executive position with the North American Soccer League, Crowe became manager, but he, in turn, left the club; to rejoin his old team, Aston Villa, first as coach, but now as the manager.

Pneumonia

Each plainly benefited from this peculiar parenthesis in the United States, though for Goodwin, it was a fairly dire initiation. When he took the team to its grandiosely concieved spring training in Florida—where the wealthy baseball clubs go—his son contracted pneumonia; and the assistant coach he had brought with him from Scunthorpe had a heart attack and died.

Thus, scarcely had Goodwin set foot in the States than he was flying the poor coach's body home. On top of this, his unfortunate son fell down the stairs

A library at your fingertips....
BINDERS
Do you keep your copies of WORLD SOCCER in an unsightly pile? Here's your chance to transform them into a permanent library with a World Soccer luxury binder for only £1.00

World Soccer "Binder" Offer
Please send me .....
Old/New binder(s) at £1.00 (U.K. Only)
Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Webster Publications Ltd
79 Temple Chambers London EC4

DAYS IN BIRMINGHAM

City back in the First Division . . . Villa promoted

of their New York apartment, and was obliged to have some eighteen stitches in the wound.

Sojourn

For all this, Goodwin believes that he benefited greatly from his sojourn. "We liked being in America, but my life was football, and it was a question of whether there was anything in football there." So the former Manchester United half-back, who played in their 1958 Cup Final team after the Munich air crash, and says he learned so much from Matt Busby, returned to England, becoming manager of Brighton.

Ironically, an unsuccessful applicant for the job was Jackie Mansell, who had been managing the Boston Beacons, and whom the reconstituted board of directors of the Generals' club intended to appoint in Goodwin's place. From Brighton he joined Birmingham at the recommendation of another manager he much admires, Don Revie, with whom he once played, at Leeds United.

Not one of Birmingham City's happier moments . . . Mick Jones scores the third Leeds United goal in their FA Cup semi-final tie.

Relegation

For Crowe, the problems have been somewhat different. He took over at Villa Park after Tommy Docherty, now team manager of Scotland, had passed through like a bright comet, first saving the club from unthinkable relegation to the Third Division, then failing to prevent it. "I tell you what we've done this season," he said to me, "we've gone more professional. Last season we played a lot of good football and a lot of attacking football, but it wasn't always the best thing to do in certain games. We take each game as it comes, we assess it. We watch them, to start with, especially away from home. If they run, we run them, and when we've absorbed what they can give us, then we have the extra quality, which is skill."

Both clubs have their own training grounds outside the city, among green fields, where each young manager loves to change into a track suit, and coach. Though both clubs have spent so much money, young talent is encouraged, and comes through. Trevor Francis, who came into the Birmingham first team last season at 16, to score 15 goals in 15 games, is surely one of the most brilliant and exciting young talents in the country; a shining success in the 1971 European Youth Tournament. "You've got to pinch yourself," says Goodwin, "to make you realise he's only 17 yet. You're regarding him as a full fledged player, but he's not even fully grown, yet. He's a great lad, as well; a good type."

Material, surely, for England's 1974 World Cup team.

Infinite

Francis and his infinite gifts—control, shooting, strategy, temperament—apart, I cannot pretend that either Birmingham team has truly thrilled me this season. Aston Villa's policy may have sufficed to take them out of the Third Division, but even with all the players they have bought, they can scarcely be expected suddenly to flower in the more "permissive" environs of the Second.

Eric Woodward, the former Birmingham journalist who was with Crowe and Woosnam in Atlanta, and now enthusiastically runs Villa's public relations, is right when he says that every Third Division team came to Villa Park merely looking for a point. But the sum of Villa's parts is unconvincing, disappointing: just as Birmingham may find they have insufficient flair for the highest circles.

Even their successful, veteran partnership of Roger Hynd and Stan Harland, in the middle of the defence, could be found wanting. Harland, a splendid enthusiast, and an admirable captain, arrived last December from Swindon to give the team more drive and the massive Hynd more confidence. But Hynd, frankly, failed with Crystal Palace, and the Liverpudlian Harland has no experience of the First Division.

Juniors

Coaching, however, is impressively well organised at both clubs. Crowe has with him Ron Wylie, the quiet and pleasant Scot who once played so cleverly for both clubs, and for Notts County. Goodwin has Willy Bell, with him at Leeds and Brighton, as assistant, with the old Wolves centre-half, Bill Shorthouse, looking after the juniors.

In these difficult times for professional football, one must wish both clubs well. After all, as each has demonstrated, the support is abundantly there; and Villa Park has been a mere museum, if not a mausoleum, far too long.

Portadown unlucky to lose Final

FATE doesn't always smile on the people who deserve it most . . . in terms of football it always seems to be the teams who deserve the most who end up with nothing but the miserable consolation of knowing they were the best but have nothing to polish during the summer. Though even if your team is generally reckoned to be lucky to have won a major award—like the Irish league title or the Irish cup—you can always smile, however awkwardly, and reply: "Yes, but we have it and you can't argue with that!"

I suppose you can't. But around Portadown they'll still be wondering how on earth they managed to play Coleraine off the field in the Irish cup final on April 22 . . . and still end up on the wrong side of a 2-1 scoreline!

Basic level

At its most basic level it was because the Bannsiders scored two goals and the Shamrock Park side only one. And it no longer matters that Portadown, who had a wonderful season full of excellence, individual flair and enthusiasm, deserved to win the cup for the first time in their history . . . they didn't and there's little more to be said.

Except, perhaps, that even the Coleraine players had the good grace to admit they stole the cup, that on the day the mid-Ulster side were much superior. Yet the goals Coleraine did get — one from that most lethal of finishers Des Dickson, picking up the £250 which annually goes to the league's leading scorer, and the other from Ivan Murray—were well-worked and well-taken. Portadown, who spent the day producing masterful approach-work which was largely ruined by the fine 'keeping of Eddie Crossan, got their goal through Trevor Anderson, a player of such remarkable talents that he must surely be spirited away soon to the heights of English football, and bowed out shaking their heads over what might have been.

Championship

But if the critics claimed that Coleraine were decidedly fortunate to have won the cup, they went positively nutty over Glentoran winning the championship.

Now I'll certainly agree with those who say that the Glens are possibly the poorest title-winners in years—at times their football was of an extremely low quality and was surpassed for most of the season by that of Ards, Coleraine and Portadown—but not with those who suggest they write to the Guinness Book of Records claiming a mention as the only team to win a league with no forwards. I don't think Tommy Morrow, John Jamison and Jimmy Weatherup would like that at all!

Jim Weatherup, Glentoran's long-serving forward . . . one of the men who helped bring the Irish League Championship to the Oval.

The reason why they won their 15th title is simple: even if they might not have been the most entertaining of sides they remained consistent when it mattered most . . . during the final, neck-and-neck weeks of what was a tough, close-run race . . . and lasted the pace when others fell apart.

So justice doesn't matter. It's all a matter of who has what when it's all over. And Coleraine have the cup and Glentoran the championship flag . . . no further comment is due!

Expressed

Though in winning the right to enter the major European competitions, where both have achieved much in the past, the battle has only just started. For as I write it's still not certain if they can afford to compete.

The state of the Province has made it difficult to attract foreign clubs, and countries, for matches and doubt has been expressed over the advisability of entering the European Cup, Cup Winners Cup and UEFA Cup for it seems highly likely that opponents won't want to travel here for the game.

One suggestion has it that the Irish clubs play both legs on the ground of their opponents—possibly inside a week—and another that an English or Scottish ground be registered. And for either suggestion a lot of money is needed. There is also the danger that if we drop out of the tournaments for even one season it will be hard to get back in, and anyway the clubs themselves want, if it is at all possible, to be there next term.

Last season, when the situation was, if anything, even worse, clubs from Belgium, Spain and West Germany came and I don't see any reason why they shouldn't again. I agree with Glentoran secretary Billy Ferguson who says that no hasty decisions should be made by the IFA (a body noted for such actions) but rather that, once the opponents are known, local club officials should go personally and reassure them that all is not as bad as it may appear.

Obvious

There is the danger that the IFA might rush in and railroad the clubs out of Europe. For once I trust they stick to form and do nothing.

Ards may not have won anything but their player-manager, Billy Humphries, ended the season as "Player of the Year". He was such an obvious choice that the Northern Ireland Football Writers' Association, who select the man for the award, hardly needed to discuss the matter.

At 36, Billy is even being talked about in terms of a return to the international side. And as far as he's concerned the end's not anywhere near . . . he could go on for ever!

A new award, the Charlie Tully Memorial Trophy, is launched and goes to the "Teenage Player of the Year". And, again like the Humphries decision, little time was spent in selecting young Brian Craig of Glenavon as the first winner.

Sir Stanley Rous President of FIFA at a recent Press Conference

Object— to unify football

from NORMAN CUTLER

WHILE I was away from Spain, Sir Stanley Rous presided in Madrid over FIFA's International Committee of Referees. Spanish journalists planned to give a rough passage to the leader of world football, the man who has reshaped the whole soccer scene.

Unable to be present (just my luck), I briefed a couple of sensible colleagues about the astounding man who at 76 flies 100,000 miles a year on a dozen different airlines to 40 different countries (last year) in the interests of the game and who can rightly be considered the first astronaut of soccer.

My concern for Sir Stanley—I hate to see any great and dedicated man unfairly attacked—was quite unnecessary. His wisdom and charm, diplomacy and tact, personal authority and honesty completely shattered his "kinky" critics.

Assembly

A colleague gave me some of his declarations, which in summary form I pass on. They are interesting.

Sir Stanley told the assembly that his chief object as president of FIFA was to unify world football . . . it's a unique opportunity of creating peace and unity among other peoples of the world. Remember football is one of the few sports whose rules are the same in every country. There are often criticisms in moments of victory and defeat, but deep down all nations want to be friends in football.

This means you would support a Super League? Twenty years ago I proposed a Super League of Europe's 18 best teams. I still believe it would influence the game and create friendly relations between nations. But it is not a question for FIFA. It comes under the jurisdiction of UEFA.

Commercial

Does not the inter-continental finals help to unify football and was not the action of Ajax in refusing to play National of Montivideo contrary to your unity policy?

FIFA's mandate only allows us to organise games between nations . . . but my personal view is that inter-continental finals should be played in a neutral country, which, of course, would not be so valuable economically. *You consider, then, these finals are purely commercial?* I have not the slightest doubt.

Will you apply for re-election to FIFA's presidency? That's an old question which I cannot answer one way or the other. I have an important mission and a period of time for which I was elected, still uncompleted. When the general assembly is held during the World Cup we shall see. The most important thing is the game, not I. In the meantime I am not interested in reported rival candidates, their declarations or accusations of boycotts. (He was referring to the so-called European boycott of Brazil's Mini World Cup.)

Organisation

Isn't it rare that an American has never been elected president? (There have been six European presidents since FIFA's foundation in 1904.) Why rare, asked Sir Stanley. The ruling body is a democratic organisation with a universal suffrage. The choice, every four years during the World Cup, is that of the nations.

We hear much talk of "The Referee Problem". What is FIFA's committee view on this? There is no referee problem. The regulations are the same for all countries. The difficulty is the interpretation caused by national temperaments and characteristics, not because referees do not understand the rules. We have lost, in recent years, a certain amount of qualities in the game chiefly because of the mad scramble for trophies and points (and money), not because referees have lost their technical capacity. The crowds (and TV) are not very co-operative. Naturally there are very good, good and not so good referees . . . ability varies in every profession in every country. It's no different in football.

Regulations

The referees' job is to impose the regulations and it's natural and logical that the players, who are fighting for their clubs, should resent being castigated. But they know the regulations, or should. What sort of spectacle would there be without referees?

You support the "new iron hand code"? Certainly. In football there is always hardness and vigour. It's the same in America as in Europe . . . there is no truth in the belief that the game is tougher in England and Central Europe. There may be more delicacy or showmanship in some countries, but the hardness is there just the same. Referees castigate violence and bad intentions, they do not prohibit toughness provided it is fair and conforms to regulations.

There has been much talk about changing the rules. Most of them are rumours. We are always considering ways of improving the game and bringing back the old-time beauty. We owe this to the spectator and also to assure he doesn't get tired and bored and give his support to some other sport. Every suggestion we receive—the abolition of the off-side rule, a different method of dealing with the ball out of play, etc.—are all given the utmost consideration. Some ideas we even try out.

Interference

But it must always be remembered that a phenomenon like football, which fills stadiums in every continent, cannot progress if rules are forever being changed. Continual interference with rules is a sure way to destruction.

SIR STANLEY EMPHASISED THAT TO PLAY THE GAME CORRECTLY AND SPORTINGLY IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO CLUB AND COUNTRY. TELEVISION TAKES THE GAME INTO MILLIONS OF HOMES WHERE CHILDREN ARE VIEWING AND THIS MAKES IT IMPERATIVE FOR PLAYERS TO ALWAYS TAKE THE RIGHT ATTITUDE AND SHOW GOOD MANNERS AND BEHAVIOUR.

(And here's a tip for Sir Stanley. He can rely on Spain's vote if he stands for re-election . . . in spite of the wooing Spain has received from Havelange.)

ARTHUR ROTMIL reports from SWITZERLAND

Michaud tries new formula

SWITZERLAND's new, though only temporary, national manager, Bruno Michaud—who two and a half years ago himself played for his country—was not afraid to experiment for the friendly encounter with Sweden which ended in a 1-1 draw at Geneva's Charmilles Stadium. Michaud dispensed with goalkeeper Prosperi, as well as with both central defenders Chapuisat and Perroud.

After Prosperi had failed to provide a valid explanation for not turning up at the squad's training camp, the well-built Grasshoppers goalkeeper René Deck (26) was given his second cap. The towering Walter Mundschin (24), the stopper from FC Basle, celebrated his debut as a sweeper, whilst Pier-Angelo Boffi (26) from Lugano returned, this time to the middle of the defensive quartet for his sixth call-up.

Programme

The Swedes, considering that their league programme had only resumed a fortnight earlier following the long winter lay-off, presented a highly fit, well-organised and all-round efficient formation. For both countries this game provided a welcome opportunity to test their strength, in view of the tough World Cup qualifying battles to come next autumn. Switzerland open their quest with the crucial home clash with the World Cup finalists Italy, on October 21.

Next, they visit Luxembourg on April 15, 1973. On May 6 and September 26, they entertain Turkey and Luxembourg respectively, whilst on October 20 and November 18, the Swiss travel to Italy and last of all to Turkey.

Against Sweden the midfield trio of Odermatt, Kuhn and Blättler gave their customary sound display, but up front Kunzli, after a run of 32 consecutive internationals, had an off day and was replaced at half-time by newcomer Demarmels (23), another of the young rising stars from the country's best outfit, the FC Basle.

Atmosphere

The small crowd of only 15,000 saw a typical friendly game with nothing at stake and with a total lack of big-match atmosphere. After the Swedes had scored (75 min.) through their full-back Hult, the Helvetians managed to raise their pace sufficiently for Blättler to scramble an equaliser barely three minutes later.

But both teams showed the lack of incentive, whilst the poor attendance merely confirmed the current trends in international football.

I fail to understand how any knowledgeable writers—as has happened recently, even on the pages of this magazine—can possibly advance the argument that the European Championship, for instance, is unnecessary and should be abolished. What would the national teams be asked to do between the four-yearly World Cups? Play friendlies before empty terraces, without any competitive spirit, to bore themselves and the spectators alike?

League gates are going down in most countries, not least on account of the massive television coverage of the top club matches in the principal European Cup competitions. On April 5, for example, there was a spell of four hours of live or filmed international football on Swiss or German TV (which is easily received in this country).

Three different matches, plus excerpts from German Cup quarter-finals, could be seen, so that the following weekend only 32,000 fans turned out for the seven league games, for an average of only 4,600 per match!

But a fortnight later, the "dose" was repeated with another feast of allegedly superior soccer. But though the armchair fans frantically twiddled the knobs, they could not find a single goal in both European Champions Cup semi-finals. How lucky for them that at least Celtic and Inter obliged by deciding their tie with a penalty contest! Small wonder that gates at Swiss league games tumbled again the following week! If Cruyff, Mazzola, Eusebio and the rest couldn't score, then—the fans decided—their own strikers could not either . . .

On the domestic front, Basle continued on their winning ways, despite a heavily charged programme of two games a week, including the international commitments of their top players. Basle have discovered a new goalgetter in the German amateur Othmar Hitzfeld, who is determined to retain his status, because he hopes to be selected for the West German Olympic team for Munich next August. Hitzfeld hit a hat-trick in Basle's 6-2 triumph over Biel and joined Walter Müller (Young Boys) at the top of the league scorers' list, both on 13 goals.

The biggest talking point was provided by the case of the country's best defender and captain of Lausanne, Pierre Chapuisat. This "enfant terrible", who in the past four seasons has collected 11 cautions, has been sent off for punching an opponent in the game v. Grenchen. Chapuisat was suspended for five weeks and fined £50, but in addition he was punished by his club.

National

He has lost the captaincy, was not paid any bonuses, has been banned from training for two weeks and ignored for selection for the national team! Now, if only our Football League clubs had the courage to punish offenders in similar fashion, then there would be no need for a "referees revolution"!

Now, however, there is some reason to suspect that Chapuisat was only dealt with so harshly because apparently he wants to leave Lausanne! The club gave him, in fact, permission to negotiate with FC Zürich. It is nonetheless doubtful whether he will move to another Swiss club.

Firstly, the transfer fees are limited here to £20,000 and secondly, Lausanne would rather not strengthen their rivals. It is hoped that he might fetch around £50,000 and an offer has already been received for Chapuisat from the French champions, Olympique Marseille.

● *continued from page 31*

GROUP FIVE (Uruguay-Venezuela)

As expected, Peñarol, the most experienced of all "Libertadores" Cup fighters, had no difficulty in overcoming Venezuela's comparatively inexperienced entrants. Peñarol were the only team to win all their first round games.

Group Five Final Placings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Peñarol (Uruguay)	4	4	–	–	12	3	8
Deportivo Italia (Venezuela)	4	1	1	2	4	7	3
Valencia (Venezuela)	4	–	1	3	3	9	1

In the semi-finals one group is composed of Independiente (Argentina), Barcelona (Ecuador) and San Paulo (Brazil), while the other is made up of Cup holders Nacional (Uruguay), Peñarol (Uruguay) and Universitario (Peru).

PREPARING FOR THE WORLD CUP

The **Uruguayan F.A.** has chosen Washington Etchamendi, coach of "world champions" Nacional, to coach their World Cup team for 1974. At the same time they have banned all transfers or Uruguayan players to foreign clubs until after the 1974 World Cup.

The Chilean F.A. has engaged German coach, Rudi Gutendorf, to take charge of their national team until the 1974 World Cup. Forty-five-year-old Gutendorf has had a short spell with Peruvian Club, Sporting Cristal, and speaks Spanish.

RED STAR FACE TOUGH GAMES

AFTER an unusually mild winter in Yugoslavia, Zeljeznicar resumed the pursuit of their first-ever championship success in their 50th year, and despite all kinds of setbacks appear very likely to pull it off.

First the game was virtually abandoned for a month due to the smallpox outbreak, then came the two big European Championship games with the USSR and cancelled weekends of league matches to allow national coach Vujadin Boskov time to prepare.

He needed it too, with all kinds of problems facing him including having his first choice 'keeper Vukcevic out with an injury and his deputy Maric suspended.

On top of that Red Star centre-forward Filipovic was out with a cartilage operation and his first-line deputy Musemic broke his nose playing for Sarajevo in their 0-1 home defeat against Partizan.

Despite the problems, Zeljeznicar (who play in Sarajevo) storm on picking up points regularly while their closest challenger Red Star have had a series of tough games against other highly-placed clubs while being without Filipovic and Dzajic themselves.

After a month of inactivity only 5,000 turned out in pouring rain for the Red Star-Vojvodina (second and third placed) clash—a match which marked the return of Dzajic but ended to Zeljeznicar's satisfaction 2-2.

Red Star also drew 1-1 — before 50,000 — against neighbours Partizan but the previous week the championship had virtually been settled when the leaders entertained the Army team in Sarajevo.

After an hour's play there was no score when Red Star international inside-forward Acimovic retaliated when fouled, kicked an opponent and was sent off. That made the difference and the leaders won 1-0 with a goal from Zivaljevic.

Meanwhile the third Belgrade club, OFK, made their own contribution to Zeljeznicar's title bid. Lying in third place themselves they very helpfully put paid to Vojvodina's hopes of catching the leaders, who are now three points clear, by hammering them 4-0.

Internationals Santrac (centre-forward) hitting three and right-winger Petkovic who got the other goal no doubt enjoying beating the selector/manager's club after being left out of the goal-less draw with Russia.

Bulgaria set sights on Olympics

BULGARIA, eliminated from the European Championship by Hungary whom they beat 3-0 in the first encounter and once had high hopes of qualifying in as they did in the World Cup, are now eager to make sure they play in the final stages of the Olympic Games tournament in Munich.

In with a group that includes Spain (whom they beat 8-2 away) and Poland, the Bulgarians are obviously out to repeat their 1968 *success* when they reached the final in Mexico . . . and then with their great rivals the Hungarians, had so many players sent off they were littered around the ground like confetti.

The FA's determination to qualify—and they are free to field their full national team—is demonstrated by the fact that in an entire month only one round of league matches have been played while the Olympics team prepares.

That one round, however, was quite eventful and if, in Plovdiv, Trakia won a rather boring encounter 1-0 against their neighbours Botev and if four other matches played in provincial towns produced only nine goals, the Sofia fans were much more fortunate.

Third placed Lokomotive, vying with Beroe of Stara Zagoro for third place, hit four without reply at home to Marek (centre-forward Mikhailov getting them all) and a 40,000 crowd of Levski fans saw their favourites beat Spartak Pleven 3-1 . . . and once more it was one man, Mitkov, who got all three.

That wasn't the end of it, however, for on the same day another large crowd (35,000) watched the Sofia derby between league leaders CSKA and the University club Akademik.

Holding on to their four-point lead (they have lost only one league match in 24 . . . to Levski), CSKA won an entertaining game by 5-2.

Again it was a match for individuals with Petar Jekov, Europe's top scorer three years ago, getting another hat-trick for CSKA and left-winger Vassilev getting both the Akademik goals, the second in the last minute.

Boris Gaganelov of Bulgaria.

Brazilian Notebook by HANS HENNINGSEN

What a schedule for Alberto

World Soccer reporter Hans Henningsen (right) with former Brazil team manager Joao Saldanha.

IF English players think they are overworked they should consider the sort of demands made on Carlos Alberto and Clodoaldo recently. Two days after playing in a decisive match in Brazil, these two left by air for Porto Alegre to play in an international against Paraguay.

The plane left at 2 pm; they arrived at 4 p.m. and the match started at 9 o'clock that same evening. After the match they returned to Sao Paulo, travelled by car to Santos, a few hours' sleep and then off to play matches in Europe and Turkey. After five matches in 11 days, they returned to Brazil for local championship matches.

Injured

Not surprisingly, Brazil's performance against Paraguay was below par. They won 3-2 thanks to the performances of certain individuals rather than teamwork. Gerson was absent, and Tostao and Carlos Alberto were injured during the game.

Rivelino, Dirceu Lopes and Jairzinho carried the day but Paraguay put up a good performance. They were well organised, kept possession with some wonderful ball-play (shades of Argentina) and generally held their own. It is good to see a small country like Paraguay, despite losing many players to other countries, still managing to field a useful side; with plenty of youngsters like Arrua, Jimenez, Mendoza, Diarte and Escobar.

Goalscorers were Carlos Alberto (pen.), Tostao and Dirceu Lopes for Brazil; Escobar and Diarte for Paraguay.

Brazil: Felix; Carlos Alberto, Marinho, Vantuir, Everaldo (Marco Antonio); Clodoaldo, Rivelino, Paulo Cesar; Jairzinho, Tostao (Dirceu Lopes), Roberto.

Paraguay: Baez; Molinas, Riveros, Ortiz, Mendoza; Jara (Verza), Godoy; Escobar, Diarte, Arrua, Jimenez.

Zagalo lucky?

Some journalists, players and supporters in Brazil say that Zagalo is a lucky man. In some cases that may be so. But not all Zagalo's triumphs are lucky.

As a player he won championship honours with Flemengo, Botafogo and Brazil. His record as a trainer is impressive. He started in 1967 and already has taken Brazil to victory in the World Cup, Fluminense to two Rio de Janeiro championships, Flemengo one, two Guanabara Cup successes with Botafogo, one with Fluminense and recently one with Flemengo. Add a national championship with Botafogo in 1967 and we have nine championships in just five years. Not bad going!

Zagalo is essentially a hard worker. Some people call him the "little ant". His ideas are conservative, like the teams he directs, but this caution does not mean that he always wants to win above anything else.

Victory for Brazil in Mexico was his most important achievement. But he got great satisfaction from taking Flemengo to their cup win. In recent years they have enjoyed little success, despite having some good players. They changed managers frequently (Tim, Renganeschi, Solich, Yustrich, Miraglia, Aymore and Moreira).

Promoted

Things changed when Zagalo took over. He lost just one (a friendly against Belo Horizonte) of 25 matches. Only two players, Paulo Cesar and Rogerio, were bought. Doval, who had previously been loaned to Huracan (Argentina) was recalled and three amateurs promoted.

Ze Mario, in line for the national team, played superbly in mid-field during the Guanabara Cup matches and Paulo Cesar was a fine leader. Zagalo used the same system adopted by Brazil and in their final match Flemengo beat Fluminense 5-2. It was a tremendous match; one of the best seen at the Maracana Stadium in the last 10 years.

GROUP ONE

June 11: Argentina v. Africa (Aracaju).
June 11: France v. Concacaf (Salvador).
June 15: France v. Africa (Maceio).
June 15: Concacaf v. Colombia (Aracaju).
June 18: Argentina v. Concacaf (Maceio).
June 18: France v. Colombia (Salvador).
June 22: Concacaf v. Africa (Salvador).
June 22: Argentina v. Colombia (Salvador)
June 25: Colombia v. Africa (Salvador)
June 25: France v. Argentina (Salvador)
Grounds: Salvador—Stadium Fonte Nova, 100,000.
Maceio — Stadium "Rei Pele", 60,000.
Aracaju—Stadium Lourival Batista, 55,000.

GROUP TWO

June 11: Portugal v. Ecuador (Natal).
June 11: Asia v. Eire (Recife)
June 15: Portugal v. Asia (Recife)
June 14: Chile v. Ecuador (Natal)
June 18: Ecuador v. Eire (Natal)
June 18: Chile v. Portugal (Recife)
June 21: Ecuador v. Asia (Recife)
June 21: Eire v. Chile (Recife)
June 25: Chile v. Asia (Recife)
June 25: Eire v. Portugal (Recife)
Grounds: Recife—Stadium "Arruda", 70,000.
Natal—Stadium Olympyc St, 55,000.

GROUP THREE

June 11: Peru v. Bolivia (Curitiba)
June 11: Paraguay v. Venezuela (Campo Grande)
June 14: Venezuela v. Yugoslavia (Curitiba).
June 14: Paraguay v. Peru (Campo Grande).
June 18: Yugoslavia v. Bolivia (Campo Grande).
June 18: Peru v. Venezuela (Manaus).
June 21: Venezuela v. Bolivia (Manaus).
June 21: Yugoslavia v. Paraguay (Manaus).
June 25: Paraguay v. Bolivia (Manaus).
June 25: Yugoslavia v. Peru (Manaus).
Grounds: Curitiba — Stadium Belfort Duarte, 50,000.
Campo Grande — Stadium Pedro Pedrossian, 50,000.
Manaus—Stadium Vivaldo, Lima, 70,000.

GROUP FOUR

June 28: Brazil v. Czechoslovakia (Rio de Janeiro).
June 29: Scotland v. Winner of group 3 (Belo Horizonte).
July 2: Brazil v. Winner of group 3 (Sao Paulo).
July 2: Scotland v. Czechoslovakia (Porto Alegre).
July 5: Brazil v. Scotland (Rio de Janeiro).
July 6: Czechoslovakia v. Winner of group 3 (Sao Paulo).

GROUP FIVE

June 29: Winner of group 1 v. Winner of group 2 (Rio de Janeiro).
June 29: Russia v. Uruguay (Sao Paulo).
July 2: Uruguay v. Winner of group 2 (Rio de Janeiro).
July 2: Russia v. Winner of group 1 (Belo Horizonte).
July 6: Russia v. Winner of group 2 (Belo Horizonte).
July 6: Uruguay v. Winner of group 1 (Porto Alegre).
July 9: Winner of group 4 v. Winner of group 5 (Final) (Rio de Janeiro).
July 9: Second group 4 v. Second group 5 (Rio de Janeiro).

A prize of 50,000 US dollars will be awarded to the winning country. Second placed team will get 30,000 dollars, third place 20,000 and fourth 10,000. Each country participating in the preliminary matches will receive 15,000 dollars per match and finalists (groups 4 and 5) 20,000 per match.

Scored first!

One person who thinks Zagalo is very lucky is Nilton Santos (a former colleague in the national side). Says Santos: "In 1958 Pepe was in great form and Zagalo was his substitute. A few days before the World Cup Finals in Sweden, Pepe was injured and Zagalo took over. In 1962 it was the same story.

"And recently, playing in a tournament for former players, it was decided that a gold watch would be presented to the first player to score a goal. Before the match I said that they had better give it to Zagalo. They should have done. Even as a back he scored first!"

Lucky Tostao

Brazil almost came to a standstill during the transfer negotiations that took Tostao from Cruzerio to Vasco de Gama. Tostao received a signing-on fee (two years) of £45,000 and a salary of £2,500 a month. He will also receive 1,000 US dollars for international exhibition matches and 10 per cent of all advertising the club make involving his name.

Tostao, like Pele, will also put his name to advertising various products. But, again like Pele, he will not advertise beer or cigarettes.

Born on January 21, 1949, he first appeared on the soccer scene in 1965. He was first capped by Feola against Chila (1966) and has now played 54 games for his country, scoring 35 goals. Only Pele has more.

Botafogo have paid 150,000 US dollars for Argentina International Rodolfo Fischer. One of the stipulations of the contract is that they must release Fischer to play in matches for his country.

Brito returns

Zagalo has confirmed that Brito — whose six months suspension ended in May — will be back in the Brazilian side for the Indepentence Cup matches.

Zagalo also said that Piazzo will not play again for the national side. "We must look for young players who can play in Germany," says Zagalo. Strange, then, that Piazza is 30 years of age and Brito 32!

A total of 25 clubs will compete in the next national championship. One day, according to Joao Havelange, Brazil will have the biggest championship in the world with 32 teams in participation. Each Sunday more than two million people will watch the games.

Tostao.

RANG EDGE

European Cup Winner

IN terms of experience in the competition, Rangers have an advantage over Dynamo Moscow in the final of the Cup Winners Cup. It will be the third time that the men from Ibrox have appeared in this stage of the tournament—but they are hoping it will be third time lucky because defeat ended their interest in 1961 and 1967 by Fiorentina and Bayern Munich respectively.

For the Russians, there is also a spot of history whatever the outcome as they are the first club side from that country to reach the final of one of the three major competitions.

Domestically, Rangers have had another season where the shadow of Celtic has loomed large over their efforts. They have nothing to show for their endeavours, Celtic winning the League "double" and even Partick Thistle taking the League Cup itself from . . . Celtic.

In-jokes

In a season where in-jokes have fallen aplenty at the expense of Rangers Manager Willie Waddell, the best was probably the one which ran that the Ibrox chief had skipper John Greig into his office after defeat by Celtic.

"John, we're going to play two Catholics next week," said Waddell supposedly.

"And we'll beat them, too, boss!", came Greig's imaginary reply. . . .

But here we are at the end of the season and Waddell is in a position to achieve something this season that even Celtic and Jock Stein cannot emulate—a European trophy.

Comparing the achievements of the two finalists in the present Cup Winners Cup campaign, Rangers certainly had the more impressive run to the final.

Referee

In the first round they held the French club Rennes to a 1—1 draw away and won 1—0 at home. In the second round they defeated Sporting Lisbon by the odd goal in five at home and they lost in Portugal 4—3. At the end of the game the referee wrongly ordered the teams to take penalties to decide the outcome, even though Rangers had already qualified on the away goals rule. Sanity was restored, however.

Rangers improved further when they met Torino in the quarter-finals, putting up a fine rearguard action in Turin to draw 1—1 and sneaking home again by the only goal of the game at home.

In the semi final they not only put Bayern Munich to flight, but settled a score which had hung over them since 1967 when the Germans had beaten them in the final of the Cup Winners Cup competition. In Munich they were aided by an own goal to draw 1—1, but there was nothing lucky about their home win by two clear goals.

Sweeper

True the Germans were in poor spirit at the time, having lost 5—1 to Cologne in their own cup competition and according to Scotland's team manager Tommy Docherty "they played as if they didn't want to know. Half the time Muller was behind Beckenbauer who was the sweeper!"

But during the run towards the final, Rangers had their share of ill-fortune as well. Centre half Ronnie McKinnon broke a leg and skipper John Greig missed the second leg semi-final with an ankle ligament injury.

In the absence of McKinnon, Colin Jackson has been a more than adequate deputy and Derek Parlane made his first European match of the season as replacement for Greig a memorable one by scoring one of the goals against Bayern.

One player more than any other who is desperately hoping to pick up a winner's medal in the final is Dave Smith recently voted Footballer of the Year after a courageous comeback to senior soccer.

Victory

Twice within a year Smith suffered a broken leg; the second one appearing to have ended his career. Last season he missed the League Cup victory because of his injury and in five years at Ibrox has not managed a single medal.

Much is also expected of big Derek Johnstone, the 18 year old who was the man who scored the goal which knocked Celtic out of the League Cup Final last season. This season has seen him developing not only his striking role but also that of centre half and in some quarters he is being spoken of as an embryo John Charles —with a kilt!

Alex MacDonald also weighed in with a couple of useful goals—the respective home wins over Rennes and Torino and left winger Willie Johnston who can scheme or act as an orthodox flankman, showed equal facility in this department with the two goals in the away legs of the same matches.

Professional

Johnston and right back Sandy Jardine are two of Rangers speed merchants, both of them having reached professional sprint championship class. Jardine skippered the Scottish Under-23 team this term and is also a full cap, of course.

Left back Willie Mathieson has not missed a game in Europe this term and neither has centre forward Colin Stein who scored all his four goals in the ties against Sporting Lisbon.

Right winger Tommy McLean has now made the position his own—particularly since the news that Willie Henderson has been given a free transfer after 13 years at Ibrox. McLean cost £70,000 from Kilmarnock and is at last showing the form which made him a great favourite with his former club.

Defeat

In goal six foot four inch tall Peter McCloy is rated by Rangers trainer-coach Jock Wallace as a better prospect than even Yashin. This will doubtless prove of some interest to the Russians. The USSR team's goalkeeper is Vladimir Pilgui, a protege of the legendary Yashin himself. . . .

However, the Russians did not impress in their run into the final. Unlike Rangers they suffered a defeat when they unexpectedly lost the second leg to the Greek club Olympiakos 2—1 at home after winning 2—0 in Greece. Single goal

ERS HAVE IN ATTACK

rs Cup preview by JACK ROLLIN

A header from Colin Stein of Rangers hits the bar during their Cup Winners Cup second leg tie against Bayern Munich.

victories at home and away over modest Turkish side Eskisehirspor were followed by a better performance against Red Star Belgrade in the quarter-finals. In Belgrade the Russians won 2—1 and held their Yugoslavian opponents 1—1 at home.

In the semi-final they knocked out Dynamo East Berlin but after a most unsatisfactory performance. In Berlin they drew 1—1 but could only repeat the score at home. It was only in the penalty tournament they won through with the East Germans conveniently missing all their shots!

Suspended

Vital goals came from 18 year old Anatoli Kozeminkin and Gennadi Evryuzhikhin in these matches. Surprising? Well, yes, in a way. For it was only a few months ago that both were suspended by the club for their over-excessive drinking habits!

Kozemiakin scored the vital equaliser at home to Red Star Belgrade while it was Evryuzhikhin who netted in the second leg against the East Germans.

The best known Russian player is Josef Sabo, the old Dynamo Kiev schemer and himself something of a prodigal son of Russian football.

Manager

Since I dealt in detail with the Moscow Dynamo players in the December and January editions of this magazine, I will not plough over already well turned earth but will pause to mention manager Konstantin Beskov, who will probably recall Rangers from the long gone past.

He was a member of the Dynamo team which came to Britain in 1945 and finished their tour of these shores with a match against Rangers. The game ended in a 2—2 draw.

Since then Beskov has retired and the only member of the Rangers staff who is likely to recall the previous occasion is their manager Willie Waddell, then a winger with the Ibrox club.

Beskov's love other than soccer is the arts and the theatre in particular. For Waddell before he entered the hot-seat of Rangers he was a well-known football writer.

Summing up the prospects for the game there seems to be little to choose between the respective defences. But up front the Rangers side could have the edge and providing they can get a good grip on midfield they could well have a chance of pulling off victory.

Inevitably

Rangers can call on plenty of full internationals despite McKinnon's absence—Jardine, Greig, McLean, Stein, Johnston, Smith and even Andy Penman who will be among the substitutes.

Dynamo can match them in this respect but inevitably it will be the performances on the field not the reputations which will count.

BOOK REVIEWS

Children will be fascinated by "Goalkeepers Are Different"

by ROGER MacDONALD

"WHY didn't you review it for Christmas?" asked the Editor, with just a hint of criticism. "Because it isn't that sort of book," I explained. "It would be like trying to road-test a Rolls Royce in a car park full of battered Minis."

We were discussing Brian Glanville's *Goalkeepers Are Different*, published by **Hamish Hamilton at £1.** It comes into their "children's books" category, and there can be little doubt that children will be fascinated by it; but it is much more than a kid's piece of soccer fiction.

Ronnie Blake, the folk hero if you like, is a goalkeeper from a working-class background who makes the big time. The real fascination of the story is the conflict this creates within himself, the problems of a triple relationship—with the manager and officials of the club, with his team-mates on and off the field, and especially with his family, reluctant to come to terms with his new-found affluence.

This is Glanville at his best, in such scenes when Blake's father goes to a posh restaurant for the first time and cannot read the menu, which puts Ronnie on the spot, because he cannot read it either; and, after Ronnie is injured during a match and unable to use his car, how father and son go home in a taxi, with Mr. Blake "wriggling and staring out of the window as though he had no business to be there".

The villain of the piece is the club manager Charlie MacIntosh, who ultimately gets his deserts in an exciting climax which ends with Ronnie playing in the Cup Final. I have a shrewd suspicion that I've met just the manager Glanville had in mind, but then in the whole book the atmosphere of the game is captured superbly, its variety of characters faithfully portrayed.

My only regret is that in widening his market, the author has to stop short of unpleasant reality—the villains are not villainous enough, the language is restrained, and so are the scrapes that Ronnie gets into—and out of again. A pity, because *Goalkeepers Are Different* had the potential of another *Rise of Gerry Logan*. It does not reach quite that stature, but most children will have a hard task getting it back from Dad.

"100 Years of the F.A. Cup" is admirably produced

100 YEARS OF THE F.A. CUP
The Official Centenary History
by Tony Pawson (Heinemann 95p)

TO follow Geoffrey Green's pleasing and diverting History of the F.A. Cup was no easy undertaking, but Tony Pawson, himself once an amateur footballer of renown—good enough to score goals for Charlton in the First Division—has done it well.

His book aims less for style than to be an entertaining and intelligently selective compendium. Many are the quotations, some more felicitous than others, admirable and exhaustive the research. One learns such strange facts, for example, as that Spurs were knocked out of the Cup by Preston in the 1922 Final because the referee blew up for an injured player, just as Bliss's shot was crossing the line to put Spurs two up. Incidentally, I think Mr. Pawson throws away one of the great stories of the Cup Final by skating over "the goal that never was" which equalised for Sheffield United against Spurs in the 1901 Final, without going anywhere near the goal.

But the book is full of fascination, and admirably produced; so lavish with its photographs as to constitute something of a social document as well as a mere football history. Those Royal Engineers of 1872, in their stocking caps and reefer jackets! Those elongated, rumpled white shorts Tommy Lawton is wearing, as late as the late 1940s!

At 95p the book is a ludicrous bargain, admirably produced, a joy to hold and to browse through. Declaring, as they say, an interest, I am flattered to be quoted in it, myself; but that is neither here nor there. The important thing is that Mr. Pawson and his publishers have done the competition proud in its centenary year, and it seems more remotely possible than ever that the League clubs can make good their sulky threat to walk out of it. More fools they; as Mr. Pawson's book will, if they have minds to convince, convince them.

BRIAN GLANVILLE

'A Source' Book of Football

A Source Book of Football, *published by* **Ward Lock (80p),** *is one of a series of books on a wide range of subjects including aircraft, locomotives, motor cars, ships and wild animals.*

The football edition, written and compiled by Jack Rollin, is a neat, compact, liberally illustrated publication that traces the origins of soccer and describes and lists the leading competitions and the clubs which have established themselves through the years.

Comprehensive pen-pictures of a whole host of British and Continental players are also included as well as statistics and other useful information. Potted histories of English clubs are a handy addition.

In Olympic year, books on the history of the games are no surprise. **The Dunlop Book of the Olympics (Dunlop and Eastland Press, £1.20)** *sets out the story of the games from Athens in 1896 to Mexico City in 1968. It is bright, entertaining and easy to read.*

Dave Guiney, the author, has condensed 72 years of Olympic history into a collection of 350 short stories, covering all the epic, unusual, tragic, humorous and sometimes hilarious happenings of the Games.

PHILIP RISING

FC Bruges lose title race

THE lead that Bruges held in Belgium for much of the season finally evaporated in a photo-finish on the last day of the championship, giving Anderlecht the verdict by the narrowest of margins.

Before the last match Bruges were top with 44 points, Anderlecht second with 43. Anderlecht had the easier task with a home game with St. Trond, a club in the lower half of the table. Bruges on the other hand were faced with the exacting prospect of an away fixture with Racing White, lying fourth in the league.

Anderlecht romped home 5-1 while Bruges could do no better than draw. This left both teams on 45 points and despite the fact that Anderlecht had a superior goal average, the championship is decided in these circumstances on the highest number of victories.

Thus it was that Anderlecht won with 19 victories to Bruges' 18—so that last win over St. Trond was worth quite a lot to them. And for Anderlecht it is a return out of the wilderness after three years of bowing to their great rivals Standard Liege.

This season Standard, beset by injuries to key players, could only finish third though they still had the best defence in the league.

And to ease their disappointment Bruges are already making plans to strengthen their side. Two players they have in mind are striker Ulrik Le Fevre, the Danish player of Borussia Monchengladbach, and Johan Devrindt from Holland's PSV Eindhoven: the latter a former Anderlecht player!

PORTUGAL DROP EUSEBIO

EUSEBIO's absence from the Portuguese national team for the first time — apart from injuries — for more than a decade coincided with a result of unspectacular meaning: a 1-0 win in Cyprus.

Certainly the "Black Panther" is not nearing retirement but the days when he was the undisputed number one marksman in the country are over. Even with Benfica, he has been superceded as a scoring hero by Artur Jorge, the former Academica striker. Eusebio tends to do more in midfield anyway now.

But though Benfica may be strolling confidently towards another league title their European Cup semi-final with Ajax exposed them as gale shadows of the scoring force of old.

In Amsterdam they did tolerably well enough to restrict the virulent Ajax to a single goal with goalkeeper Henrique performing miracles, but in Lisbon they failed to get one themselves.

Even so Jimmy Hagan's team has some promising talent in the pipeline and the discovery of the season in the teenage Jordao, already being spoken of as another Eusebio.

He was one of the few Benfica players who showed anything like the form expected of Portuguese champions in the friendly at Fulham a couple of months ago.

This defeat, coupled with a pre-season hammering at Highbury against Arsenal, did nothing to dispell the theory that the halcyon era of Portuguese football is over—not only Eusebio's own palmy days.

Wilfried Van Moer of Belgium . . . injured playing against Italy (see page 6).

SUCCESS FOR PUSKAS

A YEAR ago the backlog of league fixtures crushed into the end of the season and coupled with the run in the European Cup proved too much for Panathinaikos.

In the final analysis neither league or cup objective was reached but this season seems likely to finish in a happier way for Ferenc Puskas' team who, unless they suffer a drastic loss of form in the closings weeks, should be confirmed as Greek champions.

Much of this is due to the attack which has managed to score as many goals as it has won points—no mean achievement when three points are awarded for a win, two for a draw and one for just playing.

Avalanche

Top marksman Antonis Antoniadis has largely been responsible for this avalanche of goals and has managed more than a third of the total. He, too, has averaged a goal a point — netting 28 in the first 28 league matches.

Most of the openings were due to the expert work of midfield general Mimis Domazos, who in the last 12 months has become a much respected schemer in European circles.

Another Panathinaikos attacker to catch the eye this season has been winger Harry Grammos, who was one of the few to worry the Ajax rearguard in the 1971 European Cup Final at Wembley.

Tottenham win first UEFA Cup

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR became the initial holders of the new UEFA Cup when they beat another English club, Wolverhampton Wanderers, 3-2 on aggregate in the two-leg final. But even Spurs manager Bill Nicholson admitted that Wolves were unlucky to lose.

Tottenham triumphed by virtue of their first leg win at Molineux; achieved despite being under pressure for long stages of the match. But an early Martin Chivers header, from Mike England's raking free-kick, pegged Wolves back.

Jim McCalliog equalised, after a quickly taken free kick, but as the home side pressed for another goal, Chivers slammed home a tremendous shot from well outside the penalty area to give Spurs a victory when they would probably have happily settled for a draw.

A splendid headed goal by Alan Mullery in the second leg almost put the issue beyond doubt; although Dave Wagstaffe's superb goal revived the hopes of the Wolverhampton party.

But the Tottenham defence, with England showing magnificent authority and Pat Jennings splendid in goal, held on.

Real Madrid trounced Seville 4-1 to clinch the Spanish League Championship and qualify for next season's European Cup for the first time for two years.

Valencia beat Real Sociedad 2-1 at home to take second place in the table, with 45 points—two behind Real. Seville, Cordoba and Sabadell were relegated to the second division.

Italian soccer star Gianni Rivera has lost an appeal against a two-and-a-half month suspension at a meeting of the Appeal Board of the Italian Soccer Federation.

Rivera was suspended after publicly criticising the referee of a match played between his side, AC Milan, and Cagliari.

The ban runs until June 30, and meant he could not play in the international against Belgium, which Italy lost. The appeal commission gave no reasons for rejecting Rivera's appeal.

Italy's players were pelted with tomatoes when they arrived in Milan after losing 2-1 to Belgium in Brussels.

The defeat put Italy out of the European Championship and there was an angry crowd to meet them when they returned home.

About 200 fans gathered on the observation platform of the airport to whistle and boo as the team came out of their plane, and others, armed with tomatoes, waited until the team had cleared customs before launching an assault at close range.

Left-winger Gigi Riva was one of the main targets. He seems to have fallen into disfavour after a long period of nation-wide adulation. For the most part the players managed to keep cool despite some sticky direct hits.

British professional Mick Walker, a former Nottingham Forest centre-half, has been named coach of Singapore's national squad.

The National Sports Promotion Board said 31-year-old Walker was expected to take up his post after his current contract in British football ran out in July.

Walker, a former schoolboy international, was one of five professionals recommended by the British coaches' committee. First choice George Ainsley, a former Leeds United player, turned down the job on medical grounds.

Gordon Banks presented with the English Footballer of the Year trophy at the Football Writers' dinner in London.

JUVENTUS ARE ALMOST THERE

PHILIP EVANS in Italy

WE can delay the heavy celebration until next month's issue, but for the time being it does look as though the premonition that Juventus would win the Italian league title has metamorphosed into actuality. As I write there are only two games left to play in the championship and Juventus have a two-point lead over their immediate challengers—Milan and Torino. True, they have yet to travel to Florence. But (and *pace* Leeds) teams in the situation in which Juventus find themselves should not let slip the grasp they have on the trophy.

The pitiful display of the Italian national team is dissected elsewhere, and perhaps the adjective is still too favourable. "The well is poisoned"—the phrase is Brian Glanville's and apropos in particular the way in which Italian league games are conducted in terms of unfair play and tactics. The feeling was given added weight after the second game against the Belgians by the words of Artemio Franchi, president of the Italian league.

They are worth quoting in full. "It is said that the national team does not know how to play attacking football. But what Italians team does? How many league games this season have been worth watching? Very few; possibly only the return derby between Juventus and Torino. This is the football we live with and it will be hard to change its character."

Self-knowledge is an important facet of any character. And self-knowledge has been conspicuously absent in Italian attitudes towards their own style of football. The first game between England and West Germany, televised in Italy, opened many eyes and not a few minds to the realisation that professional footballers can get things into perspective.

It is said that the Italian character breeds its football. But again, it is a question of the chicken and the egg. If it is true that victory is everything in the eyes of the beholders, then it is equally true that the attitudes of the players themselves must undergo a change, that it desperately needs someone on a losing team to come out and claim that he played as well as he knew how but was beaten in the end by superior talent, atleticism, organisation. Precious few Italian footballers that I've met even hint at knowledge of this type of ethic.

Fine opportunity

All that by way of qualification. And given the qualification, then the season has been an exciting one in terms of statistics. All along I hoped that Juventus would win the title, not merely because of ante-post prognostication but because I feel that as a team they have a fine opportunity to lead Italian club football out of the wood. They have young players, less pandered to than their elders, and some with wise heads on their shoulders. For two years now I've been tipping Spinosi as a player for the national team and it looks as though he has arrived, and in his rightful place as stopper rather than as a right-back.

Marchetti, Bettega, Cuccureddu, Causio—these must be the players for the future of Italian football and the way they were putting their game together toward the end of last season marked them as the coming breed of leaders. Success breeds success, but it also tends to breed conceit and dishonesty. I dearly hope that the players I've mentioned (and the list is not exclusive) learn from the mistakes of their elders.

Torino again, another example of this, with an inspirational and realistic manager in Giagnoni and a bevy of young players. At many another club Zecchini would have been transferred out to the rabble in lower divisions. At Torino he has been given his head, has become an excellent defender in tight-marking situations. Torino have had the luck—good reserves to replace injured men. But it takes more than luck to fight for the championship over eight months without losing one's head.

The team with no luck has been A.C. Milan. Injuries to Rosato and Prati at crucial moments, the suspension of Rivera, the fatalistic way in which they came to approach refereeing decisions have all added to make the season a bitter one. At the last it may well have been Prati's prolonged absence that cost them most dearly. You can't afford to lose your best striker, not when your method of play is geared to his particular talent. But then Juventus lost Bettega halfway through the season and found ersatz methods of scoring goals.

At the crucial moment Cagliari failed, losing a home point to Varese, failing to hold Juventus in the important game in Turin. It looks as though Domenghini will formally be accused of hanky-panky at midnight orgies and with girls under age and the club may not have been the happiest and most united in the league. But the argument of the curate's egg applies generally and Gori, the man who aided Riva so ably two seasons ago has been injured and out of form. Just the odd goal in three as far as Juventus was concerned, but that was the one game Cagliari had to win or draw, and they failed. They can have few complaints.

MANCHESTER CITY'S CAPTAIN, TONY BOOK, SAYS—

Athletes need special designed equipment for the ultra high standard of fitness required in today's sports and competitions. The "Norton" Co. have a full range of weight - training apparatus designed for your own particular requirements.

WEIGHT TRAINING (or Progressive Resistance Exercise) as an aid to other sports are advocated by many of the world's finest coaches. The results from this type of training shows in a build-up of power, speed and stamina never before thought possible.

THE "NORTON" CO. specialise in Weight Training Equipment and supply many of the country's sports centres and schools.

Should you require further details regarding our range of Equipment send to:

'NORTON' (PROFESSIONAL) GYMNASIUM EQUIPMENT CO.
7 EXCELSIOR ROAD, MIDSOMER NORTON, BATH BA3 2UW, SOMERSET.

AFRICA

First preliminary round

Group 1
Senegal v. Morocco
Morocco v. Senegal

Group 2
2. 3.72 Algeria v. Guinea
12. 3.72 Guinea v. Algeria

Group 3
16/18.9.72 AR Egypt v. Tunisia
25. 9.72 Tunisia v. AR Egypt

Group 4
15.10.72 Sierra Leone v. Ivory Coast
29.10.72 Ivory Coast v. Sierra Leone

Group 5
15.10.72 Kenya v. Sudan
22.10.72 Sudan v. Kenya

Group 6
11. 6.72 Mauritius v. Madagascar
18. 6.72 Madagascar v. Mauritius

Group 7
Ethiopia v. Tanzania
Tanzania v. Ethiopia

Group 8
30. 4.72 Lesotho v. Zambia
4. 6.72 Zambia v. Lesotho

Group 9
Congo Brazza. v. Nigeria
Nigeria v. Congo Brazza.

Group 10
Dahomey v. Ghana
Ghana v. Dahomey

Group 11
6. 6.72 Togo v. Zaire
20. 6.72 Zaire v. Togo

Group 12
Cameroons v. Gabon
Gabon v. Cameroons

CONCACAF

First preliminary round

Group 1
USA v. Canada
Canada v. USA
10. 9.72 USA v. Mexico
17. 9.72 Mexico v. USA
Canada v. Mexico
Mexico v. Canada

Group 2
16. 7.72 Guatemala v. El Salvador
23. 7.72 El Salvador v. Guatemala

Group 3
3.12.72 Honduras v. Costa Rica
10.12.72 Costa Rica v. Honduras

Group 4
11. 6.72 Jamaica v. Neth. Antilles
Neth. Antilles v. Jamaica

Group 5
15. 4.72 Haiti v. Puerto Rico
26. 9.72 Puerto v. Haiti

Group 6
Surinam v. Trinidad
Trinidad v. Surinam
Surinam v. Antigua
Antigua v. Surinam
Trinidad v. Antigua
Antigua v. Trinidad

EUROPE

Group 1
14.11.71 Malta 0, Hungary 2
30. 4.72 Austria v. Malta
6. 5.72 Hungary v. Malta
25. 5.72 Sweden v. Hungary
10. 6.72 Austria v. Sweden
15.10.72 Sweden v. Malta
15.10.72 Austria v. Hungary
25.11.72 Malta v. Austria
29. 4.73 Hungary v. Austria
24. 5.73 Sweden v. Austria
13. 6.73 Hungary v. Sweden
11.11.73 Malta v. Sweden

Group 2
8.10.72 Luxembourg v. Italy
21/22.10.72 Switzerland v. Italy
22.10.72 Luxembourg v. Turkey
10.12.72 Turkey v. Luxembourg
10. 3.73 Italy v. Turkey
31. 3.73 Italy v. Luxembourg
15. 4.73 Luxembourg v. Switzerland
9. 5.73 Switzerland v. Turkey
26. 9.73 Switzerland v. Luxembourg
20.10.73 Italy v. Switzerland
18.11.73 Turkey v. Switzerland
22.12.73 Turkey v. Italy

Group 3
18. 5.72 Belgium v. Iceland
22. 5.72 Iceland v. Belgium (In Belgium)
2. 8.72 Norway v. Iceland
7. 8.72 Iceland v. Norway
4.10.72 Norway v. Belgium
1.11.72 Netherlands v. Norway
19.11.72 Belgium v. Netherlands
22. 8.73 Netherlands v. Iceland
29. 8.73 Iceland v. Netherlands (In Netherlands)
12. 9.73 Norway v. Netherlands
31.10.73 Belgium v. Norway
18.11.73 Netherlands v. Belgium

Group 4
21. 6.72 Finland v. Albania
20. 9.72 Finland v. Rumania
7.10.72 East Germany v. Finland
29.10.72 Rumania v. Albania
8. 4.73 East Germany v. Albania
6. 5.73 Albania v. Rumania
27. 5.73 Rumania v. East Germany
6. 6.73 Finland v. East Germany
26. 9.73 East Germany v. Rumania
10.10.73 Albania v. Finland
14.10.73 Rumania v. Finland
3.11.73 Albania v. East Germany

Group 5
17.10.73 England v. Poland
6. 6.73 Poland v. England
24. 1.73 England v. Wales
15.11.72 Wales v. England
26. 9.73 Poland v. Wales
28. 3.73 Wales v. Poland

Group 6
Northern Ireland v. Cyprus
29. 3.72 Portugal v. Cyprus
10. 5.72 Cyprus v. Portugal
18.10.72 Bulgaria v. Northern Ireland
19.11.72 Cyprus v. Bulgaria
14. 2.73 Cyprus v. Northern Ireland
28. 3.73 Northern Ireland v. Portugal
2. 5.73 Bulgaria v. Portugal
26. 9.73 Northern Ireland v. Bulgaria
13.10.73 Portugal v. Bulgaria
14.11.73 Portugal v. Northern Ireland
18.11.73 Bulgaria v. Cyprus

Group 7
19.10.72 Spain v. Yugoslavia
19.11.72 Yugoslavia v. Greece
17. 1.73 Greece v. Spain
21. 2.73 Spain v. Greece
21.10.73 Yugoslavia v. Spain
19.12.73 Greece v. Yugoslavia

Group 8
18.10.72 Denmark v. Scotland
15.11.72 Scotland v. Denmark
2. 5.73 Denmark v. Czechoslovakia
6. 6.73 Czechoslovakia v. Denmark
26. 9.73 Scotland v. Czechslovakia
17.10.73 Czechoslovakia v. Scotland

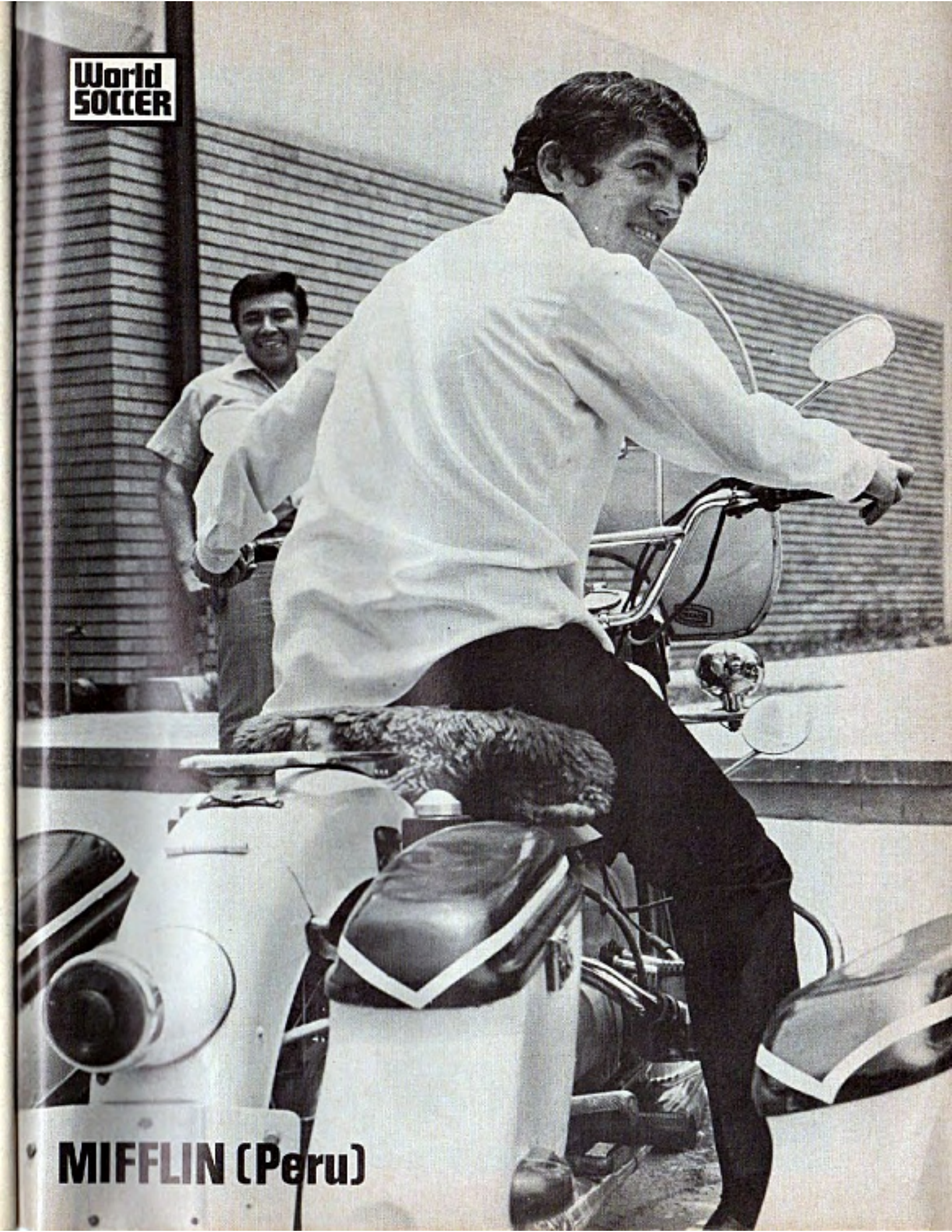
Group 9
2. 9.72 France v. Eire
14.10.72 USSR v. France
24. 4.73 France v. USSR
16. 5.73 Eire v. France
USSR v. Eire
Eire v. USSR

SOUTH AMERICA

Group 1
Uruguay v. Colombia
Colombia v. Uruguay
Uruguay v. Ecuador
Ecuador v. Uruguay
Colombia v. Ecuador
Ecuador v. Colombia

Group 2
Argentina v. Paraguay
Paraguay v. Argentina
Argentina v. Bolivia
Bolivia v. Argentina
Paraguay v. Bolivia
Bolivia v. Paraguay

Group 3
17. 5.73 Peru v. Chile
3. 5.73 Chile v. Peru
12. 4.73 Peru v. Venezuela
31. 3.73 Venezuela v. Peru
Chile v. Venezuela
Venezuela v. Chile


World SOCCER
MIFFLIN (Peru)

AJAX

Back row, left to right: Stuy, Yulshoff, Suurbier, Blankenburg, Krol.
Front row: Cruyff, Haan, Swart, Neeskens, Muhren, Keizer (Capt.)